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The Hot War in Rome

In Rome's burning heat the Olympic Games are again making their reputed contribution to the ideals of the amateur spirit and the cause of international amity. Ghana leads the protest at the presence of the South African team, which offends the Olympic code about 'race, colour and creed'. The echoes of the triangular quarrel between China, Chinese Nationalists and native Formosans will be heard down the corridors of the Foro Italico. The monstrous charge made by envious foreigners that one of our girls is in fact a man will not be easily forgiven. (In the early Games women were banned on pain of death.) The Pope, retiring with his gold and white TV set to the hills, permits good Catholics to watch all events except boxing and wrestling, provided that no girls are competing. He condemns the use of drugs by athletes; the British are content to apply the prohibition to horses. In the Flaminia, amateur US athletes, subsidised by college scholarships, will struggle for supremacy with amateur Russian athletes trained by the state; the press will talk of the gold medal championship even as it eulogises the Olympic spirit. 'Closing the Olympic gap may be the next big issue', wrote David Lawrence in the *Herald Tribune* with solemn prescience.

Nevertheless the illusion dies hard among devotees that peace will be won on the playing fields of the world. The dream of individual personal challenge in the Olympic Games still burns. It is true, of course, that for many people they do provide this kind of friendly competition; while great athletes like Zatopek and Kuts and the American sprinters in recent years transcend the squabbles. But men like the president of the International Olympic Committee, Mr Brundage (a Republican who hasn't had 'anyone to vote for since Hoover and Coolidge') are lone deluded figures in their defence of the pure flame of the amateur spirit. And even Mr Brundage must feel the flame burning low when the Chinese know him as 'a tool of the State Department' and the State Department accuses him of 'political discrimination' because he refuses to allow the Chinese Nationalists to call themselves the Chinese Olympic Committee.

Why should sport on an international level come to look like war continued by other means? Why, instead of encouraging amiable sentiments, should it preserve the formulas of ill-will between nations? The 1961 cricket tour by Australia to England may even have to be abandoned because of the 'throwing' controversy. Fights break out at football matches; Brazil, an amateur team competing in the games, had to abandon its pre-Olympic match with Peru. Partly, of course, the phenomena are explained by the origin of spectator sports. In modern times organised sport is industrial society's way of finding an outlet for frustrated city youth. The press and TV give everyone a ringside seat and create sporting ill-will in truly patriotic hearts. This, it may be said, is just what the public wants. Since sport is now the principal subject of conversation between men in countries as various as Britain, the US, Brazil and South Africa, the press may claim to be reflecting taste and appetite. And arguably it may be healthy that jingoism should have its fling on the back pages rather than creep forward. Unfortunately it keeps the Cold War alive and stimulates the angry metaphors of competition. It also annoys the heroes of the green fields.

Today, unhappily, sport creates rather than diminishes bad-feeling between nations and it would be pleasant if, in the next fortnight, in the enormous coverage of the Olympics, there were to be less hypocrisy than usual about the spirit of the Games and, in the future, less sensationalism. For our part, we wish all the athletes well, whichever team they belong to. It is, after all, one of the characteristics of the amateur spirit to show generosity towards opponents when one's own team hasn't a ghost of a chance and there's no way of changing the rules.

Comments on the Week's News

The Congo

Confusion worse Confounded

A Diplomatic Correspondent writes: From out of the welter of reported mutinies, inter-tribal warfare, secession movements, conflicts between UN troops and Congolese, and differences between the administrators and the generals which are now the daily elements of the Congo, one clear fact emerges. The majority of the independent African states have recognised the United Nations as the only body which can help them to solve their continental problems. Ever more suspicious of 'neo-colonial' interference from both East and West, Nkrumah and Bourguiba in particular realise that if the UN fails in the Congo it will become virtually impossible for Africa to secure the economic and technical help which she so profoundly needs, without being embroiled in the Cold War. It is for this reason that they have refused to back Mr Lumumba's attack on Hammarskjold or give the Soviet Union any encouragement to intervene. On the contrary they are trying to prevent Lumumba from becoming completely irresponsible and insisting on African problems being solved within the continent itself. Faced by this African hostility towards any outside intervention, the Russians drew back from an all-out attack on the Secretary General in the Security Council. If the African states, with the backing of the Asians, make a success of the committee now appointed to advise Mr Hammarskjold, it may still be possible to bring some kind of order to the Congo and avoid lighting the fuse of East-West conflict in the African continent.

Federation of Mali

Dirty Work in Dakar

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last Saturday, when the news of the breakup of the Mali Federation reached Paris, only the extremists grouped round M. Soustelle expressed their satisfaction. They claimed that the incident proved their contention that it was a mistake to give backward countries their independence, that Africa was entering a phase of 'Balkanisation', that in a few years the continent would be divided up among 150 or more tiny states, all the objects of 'wars of influence', as once were the Croats and the Serbs.

The striking thing about the Mali news, of course, is that the decision to break up the Federation came from M. Senghor, the first African leader to recognise the threat of 'Balkanisation' and an outstanding champion of African unity. If even he found it impossible to create a working relationship with his Soudanese partners in Mali, the prospect of achieving any wider federation in Africa must appear slim indeed. There is, however, one aspect of the Mali problem which must not be overlooked. Accounts of the crisis so far have been extremely vague, and they all emanate from Dakar, thus providing only the Senegalese version. Bamako remains silent, and M. Keita, the Soudanese leader, has been unable to present his side of the case since he is under house arrest.

Moreover, it is common knowledge that Keita and Senghor had been rivals for some time. Keita and his supporters represent the anti-colonialist and pro-Algerian wing in Mali; the Senegalese, by contrast, are by education and political background linked far more closely to French political groups (the Radical-Socialists, for example) and openly proclaim their pro-French views. It is known, for instance, that Keita wanted to transform Mali into a unitary state and was anxious to imitate Sekou Touré's methods in Guinea. Further, being a Moslem, from a territory with a vast common frontier with the Sahara, he is far more critical of French policy than the Senegalese politicans from Dakar.

Obviously, the breakdown in Mali is disagreeable news for General de Gaulle. The prospect of his being forced to arbitrate between Senegal and the Soudan suggests that the French Community will lose one or the other of them. Hence the General immediately came back from holiday and is now trying to compose their differences. There are already, however, a number of rival versions about the origin of the affair circulating in political circles in Paris. It is said, for instance, that the French army in Africa had a hand in it. The French were trying to back, with all the means at their disposal, Senegalese candidates for all the key posts in Mali. They were anxious to see Senghor elected president. But they were even more anxious to ensure that the Mali armed forces remained in 'reliable' hands and that the six French bases in Soudanese territory should continue to prevent any arms from reaching the FLN by the southern (Sahara) route.

Now it so happens that, a week before the crisis broke, Keita had appointed a Colonel Soumaré, a Soudanese, a Moslem and a close political associate, to the post of Chief of Staff. This move sparked off the trouble. Keita replied by proclaiming a State of Urgency, and Senghor and Dia countered by announcing Senegalese secession. Within a few days, we should get Keita's version of the events – he has already sought the good office of Sekou Touré to demand UN intervention. We shall then be able to determine to what extent French backing for Senegalese candidates caused the crisis.

Plainly, the object of such intervention could not have been to break up the Federation, any more than the French military plot against Sekou Touré was designed to drive Guinea out of the French Community. But French officials and officers in Africa seem continually to make the mistake of underestimating the local politicians they are trying to manoeuvre; and when things misfire, their only response is to cry 'Balkanisation'. In any case, Keita seems determined to hold the Federation together if he can. He is strongly backed by Touré, who is said to be anxious to Federate Guinea with the Soudan, as a possible alternative. If this happens, France faces the prospect of a large and powerful African state, across its southern Saharan marches, willing and capable of playing an even bigger role in helping the FLN than Tunisia and Morocco.

This, of course, is known in the Elysée. It is also known that Keita and Touré will both vote against France when the proposal for a UN-supervised referendum in Algeria comes before the General Assembly this autumn. All this is very worrying to the General, who is said to be sceptical of his chances of getting the Senegalese and Soudanese to make it up. He has announced a press-conference on 5 September, devoted to Algeria and Africa, but addressed principally to the states which will take part in the UN vote. It's an old French custom that the government announces a new 'liberal' policy in Algeria a few weeks before the General Assembly meets. What will it be this time?

NEXT WEEK

Trade Unions & Culture

J. B. PRIESTLEY, TOPOLSKI, ANGUS WILSON

The Pygmalion of Sex

Profile of Roger Vadim & the Bardot set
with caricature by VICKY

Moscow

A Modern American Tragedy

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: From the Russian point of view the trial of Francis Gary Powers which concluded last weekend served a triple purpose. It provided the state prosecutor with an opportunity to castigate the 'imperialist aggressive' policies of the US administration; it gave the world an object lesson of the processes of Soviet justice under the new code of 1958, and it added another figure to the gallery of types, some fictional, some real life, which in Soviet eyes personify life in the capitalist rat race.

While he was examining Powers or concluding the state's case against him, Rudenko's slightly muffled light tenor voice never lost its silky smoothness; it was only when in his mind's eye he saw Powers' masters beside his stocky figure in the dock that the steel was unsheathed. He took pains to bring out the facts about the U2 operations which for four years had been conducted around and over the Soviet Union with complete disregard for the internationally accepted principles of national sovereignty. Such flights, particularly when they trespassed into Soviet airspace, brought the world to the brink of catastrophe. For how were those who spotted the intruder to know whether or not it carried a deadly load?

To those of us who were attending the 3-day trial in the glossy, marble-walled Hall of Columns in Trade Union House, every degree by which Rudenko's bitter wrath against America rose, marked an improvement in Powers's chances. No one seriously expected the death sentence. The prosecution was not out for Powers's life: that was clear from the way Rudenko, in a speech quite free from vindictiveness, neglected at least half-a-dozen opportunities to trip up the defendant. But the applause that greeted the state prosecutor's relinquishment of his right to demand the supreme penalty represented genuine relief. Perhaps, too, the Russians present were happy that their justice, which has so often shown itself ruthless, was on this occasion displaying that it was capable of mercy. Anyhow, there was relief and some surprise at the demand for a 15-year sentence. And Powers smiled too. During his 3½ months confinement in the Lubianka it must have occurred to him that if in Russian eyes his abortive reconnaisance flight personified the first link in the chain of events

that led to the collapse of the Summit meeting on which the hopes of the world had been pinned, then was it not possible that he might become the target of the anger, resentment and disappointment of the Russian people? Moscow's claim that the sentence passed on Friday evening by the stiff, impassive general at the red-clothed table under an enormous hammer and sickle emblem was a demonstration of the humaneness of the court (Powers got 3 years in jail instead of the 15 asked for, but he must serve another 7 in conditional confinement. Colonel Abel, the Soviet spy, got 30 years' gaol in America) is based precisely on the fact that Powers was treated as a human being and not as a scapegoat.

Despite the very considerable differences in pre-trial procedure, the proceedings in court were remarkable more for their similarities to, than for their differences from, English and American law. True, Powers was assumed to be guilty from the moment the trial opened, and yet, under the new procedure, the prosecution was under an obligation to prove its case fully before the court. There were many foreign lawyers present, but they saw little if any substantial difference between the rules and methods of cross-examination applied in this court and those used in the West.

In short, the trial was meant to demonstrate that despite the absence of a jury, a clean break has been made from Stalinist practices. The accused man was composed and natural in his bearing. 'That's my son all along the line', his father commented. Powers stuck stubbornly to the line which he and his counsel had worked out during the week they were in contact after receipt of the indictment; his apology was dignified and sounded sincere; neither in the court room nor in the street were there any indications that the public had been whipped up to vindictive hatred; and, most important of all, the court listened, and by its judgment and sentence responded, to the arguments of the defence. Incidentally, on the day after the trial, hundreds of Muscovites were acclaiming a young American pianist outside his hotel.

A modern American Tragedy was how one Russian described the story of Francis Powers. And indeed there is a certain parallel between his life and that of Dreiser's hero. Son of a Kentucky miner who opened a small shoe-repairing shop, Powers adopted his dangerous profession for the sole reason that he wanted to better his social position and save enough money to open a garage. His employers in the Central Intelligence Agency asked nothing of him except to man the controls of the Lockhead spy-plane and turn on and off certain switches over points marked on a map that was handed to him an hour or two before taking off. He was left in ignorance of the real danger involved in his flight to the peace of the world. He neither knew nor cared whether permission had been sought to fly over sovereign states, he never saw the instruments he worked by remote control, he was not expected to be a fanatic serving the cause of the 'free world'; his job was but to do and, if necessary for the protection of classified information, to die – by his own hand. All he had been told of Russia was that torture and death awaited him at the hands of its people – a 'comic strip' view shattered only when he found he was being 'treated nice'. And his sole incentive was to collect the $1,000 a month which had been withheld from his salary for payment on the successful completion of his contract. With that he would escape the fate of his brother who, trained to become a secondary school teacher, worked as a postman. Similar ambitions led Dreiser's hero to the electric chair. Powers may consider himself lucky to be in the Lubianka.

'He is the victim of the American ethic', Powers's advocate pleaded, and this is the line that those here who are responsible for waging ideological warfare can be expected to plug for a long time to come.

Johannesburg

Sex is Colour-blind

A correspondent writes: Who would ever have guessed that one of the occupations reserved by law to white women is prostitution? This has come about not by the direct enforcement of the industrial law on 'job reservation' but through the operation of the ten-year-old law designed to combat all sex relations between white and non-white. Having first prohibited intermarriage between the races, the Nationalists then took another two steps which have had unforeseen consequences for their own *volk*. They passed a law prohibiting illicit intercourse not only with Africans but with Coloured people, i.e. those with any touch of 'coloured blood'. Witnesses are, however, still required to prove the commission of a crime and this particular crime is seldom committed in the presence of witnesses. So the law had to be extended by the latest Immorality Act. It created a new offence, namely, to invite a woman of colour to commit 'an immoral or indecent act'. The law does not define the criminal conduct but the courts have taken it to mean any overture, even verbal, to intercourse. The same conduct between two white or two non-white persons is no crime.

In recent years the courts throughout the country have heard on the average one immorality case on every day they sat; and a senior police officer declared that only a minute percentage of cases ever reach the courts. The usual penalty for both the white man and the coloured woman is six months' imprisonment. That all the men convicted are, with rare exceptions, Afrikaners is a source of satisfaction to the English press and of shame to the Nationalists. They wish now that they had never enacted this law. Yet what can they do about it? One idea discussed was to prevent the newspapers from reporting the

many cases that occur regularly. But publicity is almost the heavier part of the punishment suffered by the wretched men, who include all sorts of dignitaries. Among those prosecuted in the last year or two have been ministers of religion, wealthy farmers, policemen, a well-known Johannesburg attorney, a school principal, and the superintendent of an African women's prison. (The witnesses against this last accused, who was acquitted, were the women in his prison.)

Before the latest law was passed, Coloured women provided the prostitutes, especially at ports like Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. Nowadays all sailors are warned, before they go ashore, of the legal danger of making the slightest gesture to a woman of the wrong race. The difficulty about reserving prostitution for white women, however, is that they have been rather slow to fill the breach. Moreover, the only women tempted into it are Afrikaners, who thus give their church and their politicians further anxiety.

Miscegenation is, of course, an old custom in this country. Certainly no laws whatever were thought necessary to hinder it during the first 250 years of white settlement. It was Milner's administration which first decided, during the Boer War, to prevent Africans from becoming clients of the British prostitutes who followed the troops to the Transvaal. Even after self-government was introduced, successive South African cabinets saw no problem for forty years. Then urbanisation brought the races so close together that they could not be kept apart without the barrier of the criminal law. Today many Afrikaners would prefer to have the law repealed but no government would dare to propose this step. Africans, on the other hand, generally approve of the law and their women are learning to take advantage of the 'protection' it is supposed to give them. It is perhaps significant that not one African organisation has ever called explicitly for the repeal of the laws against miscegenation or intermarriage. It looks as if the African does not, after all, want to approach your sister.

Trade Unions

A Show of Spirit

Our Industrial Correspondent writes: Nothing becomes the TUC's interim report on strikes and the role of shop stewards so much as the reception accorded its appearance. No one seriously interested in industrial relations expected the report to make positive proposals drastically altering, where necessary, traditional and often outworn aspects of the trade union structure. Changes are certainly vital in the trade union movement if leadership is not to lose contact with the rank and file. The position of shop stewards needs to be clarified in a situation where wage and other agreements are being arrived at outside the old structure. These changes, however, could scarcely be brought about by means of an inquiry unsupported by large sections of the movement. But it is clear from the reaction of the right-wing press to the report that it wasn't even this detailed, rather arcane, kind of proposal that they were expecting. They wanted a drastic attack on strikers. They wanted the TUC, in fact, to match their own increasingly violent and melodramatic approach to industrial disputes.

To be told instead that management was responsible for the majority of strikes; that the press and television are sometimes sensational and ill-informed about their reporting of disputes; and that strikes are nothing like so frequent or so damaging to the economy as the public is led to suppose – all this was quite a severe blow.

The TUC, of course, are quite accurate in blaming most strikes on bad management, while not excusing the frequent inadequacies of union leadership. It is refreshing to hear them say it. One of the many successes of the booming post-war public relations industry has been its campaign to persuade the public that management can do no wrong. Virtue is invested in it by the role it performs. Like the Tory party, the Union Jack is its symbol. Its efficiency is unquestioned. Of course, anyone with the briefest acquaintance with British industry knows how ludicrous this portrait truly is. Arrogant, incompetent or thoughtless management sits at a thousand desks. It is only too evident that in many firms the notion is still firmly ingrained that the worker is the inferior person in the industrial relationship. Phrases like 'tame the wildcats' are indices to this frame of mind.

The TUC could usefully develop this section of its findings by publicising at the first hint of industrial trouble the negligence of management. It would be a difficult job for a number of reasons. The journalist might not understand; he could be forgiven for finding that the detail of a strike's origins makes a poorer, less dramatic story than a sending to Coventry or a shop steward's irresponsibility. It is, too, always much easier to interview strikers and their leaders than it is those faceless men lurking behind the PR masks who run businesses of any size. And, of course, the press might feel that persistent attacks on the élite for incompetence might be bad for business. Nevertheless the TUC is ill-advised in its annual report, also published this week, to reject the notion of a public relations campaign of its own. It can use the press and television to launch a counter-attack, without an expensive advertising campaign.

The seamen's strike, which this week has been lent a fresh bitterness by the imprisonment of the Reform Movement's leader for contempt of court under a shockingly out of date law, would have presented them with difficulties since the NUS leadership refused to lead an official strike. This enabled the press to present this as a damaging conflict between rank-and-file and union leadership, when the real enemy was the shipowner. What, one wonders, would the press reaction have been if the strike had been declared official? To blame the ship-owners? No reasonable man could blame the seamen for striking. If the TUC inquiry were to lead to a more positive statement of the workers' case as disputes arise, then it will not have been, as one feared, a complete waste of time.

The Rent Crisis

Hot Property

A Special Correspondent writes: Mr Henry Brooke is now as unloved in London as he has been for some years in Wales. His principal, even solitary, claim to respect has always been his efficiency as an administrator, a claim rapidly vanishing as he entangles himself hopelessly in the self-made meshes of the 1958 Rent Act. In Southwark, Stepney, Bethnal Green and more elegant London boroughs it is certain that increases in rents of between 55 and 70 per cent are being asked by landlords of houses and flats that become decontrolled this autumn. These are properties in which, under a last-minute provision of the Act, tenants were granted a three-year extension of lease at rentals that were a compromise between the controlled rent and that of the free market. The market now becomes free for these properties – which are those with a rateable value of over £40.

Mr Brooke's reaction to the protests, which seem to have taken him by surprise, has been pertinently criticised by London Labour MPs. To place the responsibility on the shoulders of local authorities without first stating the amount of money he is prepared to release to help them is unfair and unlikely to help. What does he mean precisely by terms like 'swindlers', or 'exorbitant rents', when condemning a 'minority' of landlords who impose 'unreasonable terms'? What help are local authorities to be given in deciding before compulsory purchase which are 'rents grossly out of keeping with the age and condition of the property offered'?

It may, of course, with some fairness, be argued that some people in central and greater London have been enjoying unreasonably low rents for the past 20 years; and even that they knew what was going to happen this autumn and should have looked for places they could afford. In the current hot property market, which this government has been encouraging, this realistic argument has some force. Tenants' indignation commands sympathy, it could be argued, but the shake-up is necessary. The flaw in this argument is that there are no places to which people in the properties affected by the Act can reasonably move. The reckless way in which the government has washed its hands of large-scale planning to meet housing demands places people with average incomes in an impossible situation. Brooke has stimulated the pressures on London property and is now panicking as they take effect.

Fleet Street

The Big Verdict

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* 'It would', commented the *Observer* four days before the Powers trial opened, 'have been much wiser if the press in this country had deferred its judgement on the Powers case until the trial had been held. Wild assertions of brainwashing do no credit to those who would be prevented from making any similar comments on a case before the British courts'. This remark annoyed the *Daily Mail*. It let itself go the following morning on the 'fatuous observations' of those who considered that judgement should be reserved until the trial had been held. 'This', it declared magisterially, 'is not a case before the British courts', and delivered its judgement: 'Now we have another "confession" extracted by months of interrogation from a prisoner in solitary confinement. These and the other preliminaries do not encourage the hope of a fair trial for Powers'. This, the *Mail* may now feel, was one of those leading articles which would have been better not written. However, I have not yet heard of any friendly note of apology from its leader writer to the *Observer* nor, for that matter, of any inquiry by the Press Council – whose current chairman is, interestingly enough, a writer of the *Mail's* leaders.

One cannot help feeling, however, that whatever the general run of its readers may think about it, Mr Krushchev must be feeling pleased with the British press. Fleet Street – or at any rate a sizeable portion of it –

has done everything that he could have asked of it. Nothing could have been better from his point of view than the preliminary brain-washing stones to throw into brighter relief the well contrived correctness of the trial itself when it came along. If this was propaganda, the West, as represented by its press, was out-played all along the line. To such an extent, indeed, that it was left with nothing to do but denounce itself. We had the spectacle of the *Mirror* publicly rebuking not merely British diplomats and other newspapers – which is a habit it has – but its own most popular columnist, Cassandra, for 'jumping to unjustified' conclusions, and the *Mail* eating its leader writer's words with a front page headline: 'No Signs of Brain Washing At Trial'. 'Brainwash? I Doubt It', shouted the *Express* front page. 'Brain-washed? No!' the *Herald's*.

By the time the trial ended, however, the *Mail* leader writer was back in the saddle. He agreed – he could scarcely do otherwise in view of the dispatches in the column alongside – that 'the unhappy accused had relatively fair treatment' and that there 'was no sign that Powers had been brain-washed', but decided, whistling bravely, that 'as a propaganda exercise, which is what Mr Krushchev intended it would be, it has been a failure'. The *Telegraph* ('Misfire in Moscow') thought so too, but on the grounds mainly that 'The more the prosecutor sought to materialise President Eisenhower in the dock as Powers' right hand, the darker grew the shadow of Mr Krushchev on his left'. Others disagreed. In the *News Chronicle's* eyes, the Russians 'conducted the Powers trial with skill. They have exploited it coherently and cogently for world opinion as an indictment of American 'aggressive policy'. But perhaps the best summing up came from James Morris in the *Guardian* on Monday in a despatch sent after leaving Moscow: 'There is really no hard evidence to show that it was either a fair trial or an unfair trial. We can only go by the pricking of our thumbs and my own tell me that it was not really a trial at all but a parade . . . I hated every minute of it. It was horrible. It was our brave new world in microcosm and it stank'.

Having lost an editor last week the *Herald* got its freedom this. The two events are not directly related. Mr Douglas Machray had only been editor two years and had made no great impact on the paper. It had been known for some time that his tenure of office was not likely to be much prolonged whatever the outcome of Odham's discussions with the TUC. Those discussions could in fact only have one conclusion. Some members of the TUC may have thought Odhams were bluffing, but if so they were in no position to call the bluff since they had no possible hope of being able to run the paper themselves – and a pretty awful shambles it would have been if they had tried. Now the *Herald* may have a chance to re-establish itself as an independent, unlabelled paper of the left. With security of tenure Odhams are understood to be prepared to invest as much as £7 million in the paper over the next ten years – or so they told the TUC. But although money is essential, they will need more than money – they will need a coherent, intelligent, adult policy reflected in every line of the paper. Let us hope they find it. At any rate there now seems a chance that the big freeze in Fleet Street may be thawing at last.

Reflections on Outer Space

KINGSLEY MARTIN

I feel I ought to be excited about these dogs returning from outer space to eat mince-meat and lollies. Within a year or two there really will be a man on the moon and cosmic travellers will no doubt be writing in the popular press about what it feels like to have lost weight. These are indeed staggering, but no longer incredible, achievements. If civilised men survive to profit by them, their long-term effects on the human mind will be even greater than the discovery at the end of the Middle Ages that there were outer continents unknown to the Old World and that the earth was not the centre round which the spheres revolved. Nothing can so potently change thought as the discovery of limitless space beyond accepted horizons.

Science fiction has become science fact. When I try to realise what this means, I recall talks with H. G. Wells, the most engaging of the pioneers of science fiction. As a young man his imagination was caught by the potentialities of science; there seemed nothing that man could not do. Glory to Man in the Highest for Man is the Master of Things. He allowed himself to imagine a war of the worlds, great aircraft battling in the skies and biologists performing horrible experiments, transforming beasts into human shape. But these, like his story of men rocketing to the moon, were no more, he told me, than ingenious phantasies, not serious prophesies. What he did earnestly believe was that men would learn to use their knowledge for their happiness, and he wrote of utopias in which men were free from disease and poverty, lived in concord in a world state, co-operating in many-storeyed palaces, endlessly conversing together, their athletic bodies clothed in splendid robes of synthetic material, uncreasable and, presumably, requiring no ironing.

One often-made criticism troubled him. What would people do with themselves in these utopias? When all the world was a garden and there was no longer pain or sin or shame, with what would the human mind have to grapple? He came nearest to facing this problem in the last of his serious books. In *The Shape of Things to Come* he imagined the nations destroying their civilisations in almost unending war; at last the air-men get together and end the strife with a 'peace-gas' and the world is reconstructed by the scientists according to their – and his – heart's desire. Disinterested lords of creation, they think of many wonderful things to do to make all the world beautiful as well as happy. Only then, when earthly problems are solved, do they decide to explore outer space: the book ends with a dialogue in which youth demands the right to adventure and to risk life by exploring the stars. It was after this book was published that I recall Wells bitterly denouncing Aldous Huxley, whose *Brave New World* was founded on the thesis that science would make, not an earthly paradise, but a new hell.

This is the clash of prophetic vision that haunts our present world. Is there any reason to believe that, either before or after a series of wars of unimaginable destruction, the scentific world will be one in which men will be happy and free? Today mankind is riven by warring ideologies and national disputes; it is also divided between those who possess and can manipulate the new inventions, while ordinary people feel helpless; some of them strive to maintain a mastery, not of things, but of their individual souls. They watch, with something like despair, the immeasurable powers of science being used not for human welfare, but for the cold and essentially inhuman endeavour to reach planets on which men are never likely to live. The exploration of outer space may, I'm told, teach us to understand the weather. There is no doubt some arid consolation in the thought that in twenty years or so prodigious new discoveries about the nature of the universe will be made when we can shoot rockets to Mars or Venus. But this majestic triumph of the human intellect and skill will not buy as much as a single bowl of rice or improve the lot of one half-starved inhabitant of this globe. Indeed it is likely further to impoverish mankind, since it will divert vast sums of money and an increasingly high proportion of the best brains and most skilful technicians from the task of making life more livable on our over-populated world. Moreover, science is now being exploited so that one powerful section of the world may destroy another.

It is these mundane thoughts that make one angry rather than gloomy today. If we are to judge by most of the pronouncements of American physicists, their chief (though, I believe, not sole) anxiety is lest they should be behind the Russians in the ability to destroy the world. Soviet science, in its moment of triumph, speaks today with a more civilised voice; if we are to believe its spokesmen, they are, above all, moved by a passionate excitement to explore the solar system. Their present rocket achievements are not, so the scientists tell me, those that would have been undertaken if the object had been primarily military. They can, however, be readily switched if, like China, they decide Lenin was right after all and that a world war must be a prelude to a Communist utopia. The national pride of their cheering crowds can also be readily switched to militant chauvinism.

It is with such thoughts in mind that I approached the argument now proceeding in scientific and government circles about what part, if any, Britain should play in space projects. Clearly we cannot afford the huge sums devoted to this branch of science by Russia and America. It would be insane for Britain to devote any considerable part of her limited resources to such an adventure, while our people remain so largely uneducated, our slums so great a national disgrace and our contribution to the welfare of the undeveloped nations so miserably inadequate. Even in the scientific field we are far behind; large sums of money are urgently needed if we are not ourselves to become a backward area. There is, however, one possibility that might make it sensible for us to take part in space adventure. As things are now going, the probable upshot is that the new knowledge will be used to destroy this world in a war for possession of the moon. Governments faced with human annihilation might yet be persuaded to make joint space exploration a reason for a renewed Summit. They would have the backing of scientists who are angry at the perversion of their work. If space exploration becomes an International Project, Britain should take part in it, even if it means further impoverishing ourselves. Mankind would then have taken the first step towards world unity.

London Diary

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Noting that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was in the news again, I refreshed my memory of what must surely be the most hilariously fatuous dialogue ever to be written in the English language. It is between the gamekeeper, Mellors, and Lady Chatterley's father, the Royal Academician, Sir Malcolm Reid, and takes place in a London club, I like to think the Athenaeum. This is how it goes:

'Well, young man, and what about my daughter?'

The grin flickered on Mellors's face.

Well, sir, and what about her?'

'You've got a baby in her all right.'

'I have that honour!' grinned Mellors.

'Honour, by God!' Sir Malcolm gave a little squirting laugh, and became Scotch and lewd. 'Honour! How was the going, eh? Good, my boy, what?'

'Good!'

'I'll bet it was! Ha-ha! My daughter, chip of the old block, what? . . . You warmed her up, oh, you warmed her up, I can see that . . . A gamekeeper, eh, my boy! Bloody good poacher, if you ask me. Ha-ha! . . . That sort of game is worth a man's while, eh, what? Ha-ha! I envy you my boy . . . Oh, you're a bantam, I can see that. You're a fighter . . .'

In considering whether *Lady Chatterley's Lover* comes within the terms of reference of the 1959 Obscene Publications Act, I do hope account will be taken of the book's unconscious humorous content, of which the above is a fair specimen. As for the floral aspects of Lady Chatterley's and Mellors's love-making – a hyacinth in a navel, like a primrose by a river's brim, a yellow hyacinth was to him, and nothing more.

* * *

A *Times* leader last Saturday concludes: 'The Powers trial has shown only that a man who admits total guilt can be given a fair hearing in Russia and treatment in accordance with civilised law.' This is like saying that only a man who pays all his bills on the nail can expect to be treated with consideration by his creditors. Torquemada doubtless deserved a like compliment. He was probably pretty decent to those who admitted total guilt.

* * *

How curious that the last intact colonial empire should be the Portuguese! These colonies seemed long ago to be rotting on the branch, and proposals were considered for giving them away to some more deserving and resolute overlord, like Germany. Nonetheless, they have survived, including even Goa, when the seemingly so much solider British and French Empires are in a state of total decomposition. As it happens, during the last war I spent eighteen months in Mozambique. Being neutral, the colony had a certain importance, if only because of the North African convoys going up the submarine-infested Mozambique Channel. Laurenço Marques, where I lived, is easily the most agreeable town in Africa, with a kind of odd charm and elegance notably lacking in towns like Lagos, Nairobi, and even Durban. Despite an inefficient, callous and sometimes corrupt administration, I used to reflect that, were I a black African, I should rather live in Mozambique than in the Union of South Africa, or, for that matter, Swaziland. This is because the Portuguese, with all their faults and inadequacies, have no colour feeling. Most of them are of mixed blood themselves, and have never developed that aloof, conscientious superiority which made British colonial administration at once so competent and so detested. No doubt, however, before very long the Portuguese African colonies will go the same way as all the others. A far-seeing musician might profitably set about composing national anthems for Angola, Mozambique, San Tomé and Guinea. They are sure to be wanted; as also flags, assigned places at the United Nations General Assembly, and other appurtenances of independent sovereignty.

* * *

The appearance of a new newspaper is so unusual an event nowadays that Mr Michael Berry's enterprise in announcing a *Sunday Telegraph* has caused much talk and speculation. Will it, like the *Daily Telegraph*, depend for its appeal primarily on news? Or follow the example of the *Sunday Times* and *Observer*, and concentrate on the magazine section? If the former, is there, in fact, enough news available at the week-end to fill those tightly packed columns which, on week-days, provide travellers with homely, but sustaining, nourishment between Tunbridge Wells and Charing Cross? Getting a story on a Saturday is a heavy task anywhere. The faint, faraway voices of duty officers provide little help; 'informed circles', and 'normally reliable sources' have all sped away to inaccessible hideouts where reporters cease from troubling and the telephones are at rest. Field-marshals mow their lawns, the Duke of Bedford takes a nap, and even Fidel Castro is silent. How, then, can there be any news? On the other hand, with too much newsprint already chasing too little serialisation material, another magazine supplement will be difficult to fill. Take heart, then, back-bench members of parliament! Fill your fountain pens, subordinate brass! You, too, have a tale to tell.

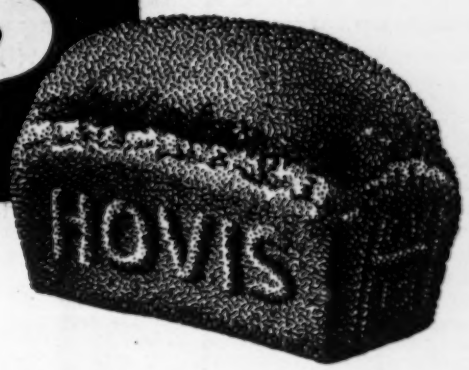
* * *

Sir Lewis Namier's death gave me a pang, though honesty compels me to admit that he was, for me, what Charles Lamb called an 'imperfect sympathy'. Probably no stranger who ever came to these shores more ardently and affectionately acclimatised himself. Yet he remained, oddly, a stranger. He was like one of those huge, ornate country mansions transformed into a government office. The desks, the partitions, the telephones, all betoken its new functions, but the old essential rococo structure survives! His sentences were hammered out with skill, fortitude and patience. Once he read aloud to me, in his slow, pontifical voice, the whole of a *Times Literary Supplement* front article. The subject failed to grip, and I wanted to let my mind wander to other things. Even so, the strong, insistent beat of the words held me, if not enthralled, at any rate attentive. Now, when he is gone, I should like to report these episodes. In Manchester, in the early Thirties, when he was dining with me, he heard that Sidney Webb (then Colonial Secretary whose Palestine White Paper had recently appeared) was my wife's uncle, and thereupon pronounced upon Webb a Hebrew curse of immense length, weight and dignity. Again in Manchester, a number of us were on a picnic with him, and, in the manner of the time, took off our clothes to bathe in the nude. Namier watched us, and, as a gesture of solidarity

VICKY IN AMERICA: III

'Chicago? Pan — ever been to Soho?'

WHY?



Don't just say brown — say Hovis. That's what we've been saying month after month — and we've been rather expecting you to ask 'Why should I?'

It's a fair question, and you're entitled to know the facts — so here they are. Judge for yourself.

When a miller makes wheat into flour, he doesn't just crush the grain into powder—he separates it into three parts.

These are:—

1. **THE WHITE 'KERNEL'** of the wheat grain. This is mainly starch, and the experts call it the endosperm.
2. **THE HUSK OR BRAN.** This is the tough, fibrous outer skin of the grain, which our digestive systems cannot absorb.
3. **THE WHEATGERM.** This contains a high proportion of the wheat's nourishing properties.

Now what happens to these three parts of the wheat once they have been separated? That depends upon what kind of flour the miller intends to make. For instance . . .

WHITE FLOUR is made from the white endosperm alone. The bran is taken out and used to make animal foods. The wheatgerm goes too—and to make up for its loss, synthetic vitamins and other nutrients are added.

BROWN FLOUR varies, but usually contains endosperm, part of the wheatgerm, and a fair proportion of bran. Wholemeal flour is made from the whole grain, with nothing added and nothing taken away.

HOVIS FLOUR. This is natural, creamy-white flour, from which all the indigestible bran has been taken away. The wheatgerm has gone, too—but only temporarily. It is lightly toasted to improve its flavour and then put back into the flour. *Then extra wheatgerm is added, so that the bread contains about eight times the normal amount.*

Well, now you know the facts, what do you think? Have we been fair to say 'Don't just say brown — say Hovis'? Or should we go even further and say . . .

Don't just say *bread*–say Hovis

removed his trousers, but nothing else. Many years later, when I had written an introduction to Paul Baudouin's book on his experiences in the Pétain government, Namier asked me for a copy of Baudouin's handwriting, which I provided. Subsequently he discoursed lengthily and learnedly to me on the connection between handwriting and character, to which he attached considerable importance.

* * *

Like many another oldster, I was fascinated to see Ivy Litvinov's name among the contributors to last week's NEW STATESMAN. She is, of course, a creature of her generation, and loved, more than anything else, to talk about the 1917 Club and intellectual life in the London of the Twenties. Through all the social eminence, and political turmoil, which her marriage to Litvinov involved, this trait remained. When I was a journalist in Moscow, and shook hands with her at some huge Foreign Office reception, she looked at me and said: 'I know you're English.' 'How?' I asked. 'By your trousers,' she replied.

* * *

I have always thought that the only real amusement of power would be the bestowal of patronage. What fun, for instance, to be Mr Macmillan on the Scottish moors, vaguely speculating on who should succeed the Archbishop of Canterbury, knowing the choice rests with him. Does he review the clerics he knows? Remember their sermons? Consider whether they are high or low, devout or worldly? It would be, I should suppose, inexhaustible as a subject for speculation, with no urgency to reach a decision, and not of world-shaking importance when one is reached. A thought occurred to me. In view of the question of the Archbishop's successor arising in the not too distant future, why should not Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper get ordained? Just in case. He would make an admirable clergyman, and even primate.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

TV has made my three-year-old son a very good speaker. Although his words are limited he comes out with names and sayings such as 'Matt Dillon', 'Maverick', and 'Half-a-gun, will travel.' – Letter in *Glasgow Daily Record*. (John Walker.)

Mr Robert Lever Howarth, aged 33, a draughtsman, was chosen tonight at a delegate meeting of Bolton East Labour Party as Labour candidate for the forthcoming by-election in Bolton East . . . After his selection tonight Mr Howarth said that the loss of his council seat was due to the apathy of voters, and that his membership of the Young Communist League in the early 1950s had been a sign of political immaturity. He pointed out that he had also once been a member of the Young Britons (junior branch of the Young Conservatives.) – *The Times*. (John G. Pusey.)

A certificate was refused to an experimental French film, *The Sea-Shell and the Clergyman*. The Board said that it was 'so cryptic as to be almost meaningless' – adding, 'If there is a meaning, it is doubtless objectionable.' – *Reynolds News*. (Mary Folley.)

Mr Gill said: 'We should be saying there is even a mercy of God in that He has allowed us to invent the hydrogen bomb because this may be a means of compelling us to a Christian world.' – *News Chronicle*. (Herta Palme).

The Two Faces of Brasilia

PAUL JOHNSON

Anyone who has any doubts about the future of Brazil should just stroll up to Santos Dumont airport, in the heart of Rio, at 5.45 in the morning. The place was packed with businessmen, diplomats, civil servants, officers – in every hue from coal black to shocking pink – slugging back ferocious cups of black coffee. Planes were taking off for Sao Paulo every half hour on the dot: no ceremony – you just bought your ticket and joined the queue for the next, rather like taking a fast electric to Surbiton. Getting to Brasilia, which a decade ago was in virtually unexplored territory, was no more difficult: I simply went to the counter and plonked down £15 which, for a round trip of 1,200 miles, is rather less than a return first-class rail ticket to Inverness. On the airfield, I counted over fifty airliners getting ready for take-off: visible proof that Brazil has now become the most air-minded nation in the world.

We swung low over the dark and dramatic rim of hills which surround Rio, then plunged over into nothingness: great tree-covered mountains, high plateau cut by dry rivers; swamp, deserted scrub, then hundreds of miles of arid tableland. I saw nothing but unwrought nature, a hot, frightening world, where the air offers the only escape to the coast. Less than three hours later, we dropped sharply into Brasilia Airport, and I caught the glitter of steel and glass on the horizon.

Here was the first eye-opener. The terminal was a cluster of temporary huts, lit by swinging kerosene lamps. Fat men in sweaty white suits hung about, scratching their bellies and chewing cigars: Graham Greene country. There was no public transport, so I climbed into a battered taxi and told the driver to take me to the centre of the city. Brasilia has already been baptised by a gossamer network of flyovers and flyunders, shamrocks and clover-leaf intersections – every conceivable device of the modern art of road-landscape. In order to get to the city, less than ten miles away, we must have driven twenty-five: my first intimation that Brasilia is a city designed not for man, but for motor-cars.

The 'centre', too, was a shock. The taxi dumped me in a narrow, unpaved, deeply-rutted street, hedged with cheap one-storey buildings. This was the heart of the 'free' city, the private enterprise sector. The atmosphere was the Far West, 1875: dozens of tiny banks, open on to the street, doing a brisk trade; saloon bars (but with Espresso coffee machines), a brothel or two, shops selling severely masculine articles, such as high gaucho boots, revolvers, wide-brimmed hats. The 'pavements' were of board, too, and along them swaggered cheerful negroes and mulattoes, brought in from the coast and the north-east, and getting regular wages (at top inflationary rates) for the first time in the history of their people since they were crowded across the Atlantic in stinking slavers. The first thing they did with their money, I was told, was to buy a pair of gaucho boots and a gun.

I hurried out of this inferno, scrambled across a maze of half-finished buildings, breasted the rise of a giant road-system, and saw, for the first time at close quarters, the architects' Brasilia. In describing it I can claim no particular qualifications save one. Most people who visit the new Federal capital for touristic or professional reasons get taken round by car. I walked. Under a tropical sun which, though veiled in cloud, proved strong enough to blister me bitterly, I must have covered more than thirty miles. The rich red dust got into my hair and clothes, eyes and mouth. By the end of it I must have looked an odd sight indeed, archetypical of the mad-dog Englishman in the midday sun. But it was worth it, for it gave me a Very Unimportant Person's eye-view of a project which has been swallowed too easily by visiting enthusiasts.

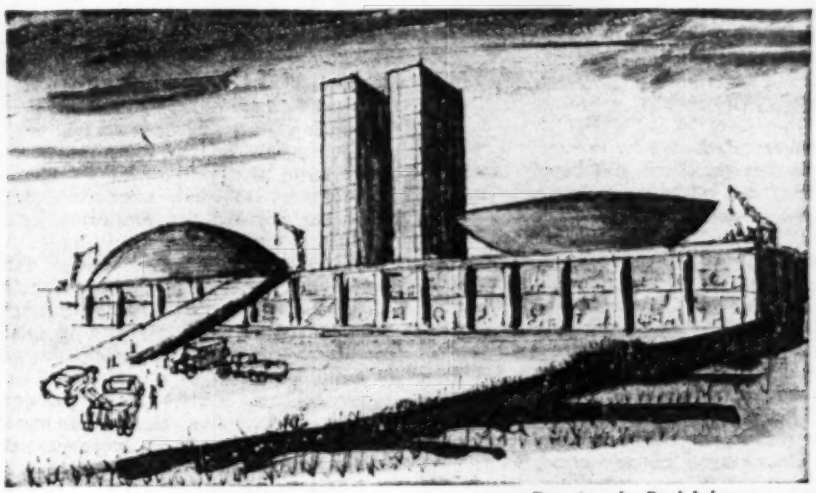
Brasilia is a miracle which has yet to take place. As a city, in the proper sense of the term, it simply does not exist. It consists of several score major architectural projects, less than a dozen of which are yet in working order. There is, as yet, no transport system, no proper police, fire, medical or educational services. It is an architect's fantasy, without life or rhythm.

Yet it is a miracle all the same. Consider the facts. Ever since Brazil began to develop national consciousness, in the last decades of the 18th century, its leaders have dreamed of a Federal capital in the interior. The idea was obvious, essential: to develop the inland riches, government must be dragged away from the coast, from the easy sea connections with Europe, from all the old habits and attitudes which constrained the growth of a giant, indigenous spirit. The project was written into every constitution; and nothing was done about it. Then, in 1955, along came Juscelino Kubitschek – 'JK' as he likes to be called – who campaigned for the presidency on this platform, and won. To the surprise of many, he did not drop the project immediately after his election: on the contrary, in 1956 he passed a law, setting 21 April 1960 as the target-date for Brasilia's completion.

JK believed, no doubt rightly, that unless he could kick the Brazilians into it, regardless of the consequences, the city would never get built; instead, Rio, which has already outgrown its space, power and water-supplies, would continue to fester and surge over its impossible hills, breathing the apathy and stagnation which has kept Brazil backward. By setting a target date, and by giving its attainment priority over all else, he took a gigantic risk both with his own future and with the economy. He had three remarkable men to help him: Lucio Costa, who drew up the basic plan; Israel Pinho, as chief administrator, who was made president of Novacap, the state concern charged with the city's financing and construction; and Oscar Niemeyer, the chief architect, who personally designed most of the principal buildings.

In 43 months, the city was built – such as it is – and 'opened' on time. How much it has cost so far is a debatable point, though £200 million is perhaps a reasonable guess. As the deadline approached, 60,000 workers and the entire resources of Brazil's' considerable construction industry were employed on the city, round the clock. The basic finance was raised by the government buying the sites at one dollar an acre, selling it back at nearly three dollars a square metre. But as the project got under way, the budgets of virtually every government department went into its maw.

Naturally, an investment of this magnitude and pace dealt a body blow to the fragile Brazilian economy. Wages and raw materials shot up, and basic costing had virtually to be abandoned. Within a year, Brazil was hit



Drawings by Paul Johnson

by raging inflation; the *cruzeiro* shot up from 65 to 200 to the dollar and is still rising, fast. It has proved impossible to control prices in Brasilia which now, after Caracas, must be the highest-cost city in the world.

Nevertheless, JK stuck to his deadline, and Rio's parliament and government were officially moved to Brasilia in April. At this date, the only units in the original plan which were in proper working order were Kubitschek's own magnificent palace and the state-financed Brasilia Palace Hotel, which has a mere 180 rooms. Even when I visited the city, nearly two months later, workmen were still swarming over the main governmental centre-piece, and the eleven gigantic ministerial sky-scrapers, though complete, were virtually unoccupied. As for living accommodation, though by this date the population had swollen to 125,000 and beyond, there were completed flats for less than 20,000.

In the chaos which ensued, it is difficult to separate fact from rumour. Most of the ministers, finding no accommodation for their staff in Brasilia, and often not even typewriters or electric power installed, promptly returned to Rio; JK had to force them back under threat of dismissal. Many deputies, senior officers and high government officials, having been allocated scarce rent-controlled flats, promptly sub-let them, at great profit, or installed mistresses, while they themselves continued to live in the Brasilia Palace Hotel, sending the bills to the government. When I reached Brasilia, nearly all government work was still being transacted in Rio. Outside the new, deserted ministries, I saw vast piles of office-furniture, rusting in the open, and great heaps of files, from which the wind was snatching papers into the surrounding bush. The hotel was still monopolised by top official brass – mainly admirals, so far as I could see.

The conversation in the bar reminded me of Tangiers, in the good old bad days, just after the war. There were fantastic stories of corruption and the most villainous accusations against everyone, up to JK himself. Nobody liked Brasilia. Most people, I was told, merely spent a day there in mid-week – enough to kep their jobs and collect their special cost-of-living allowances – and then beat it back to Rio.

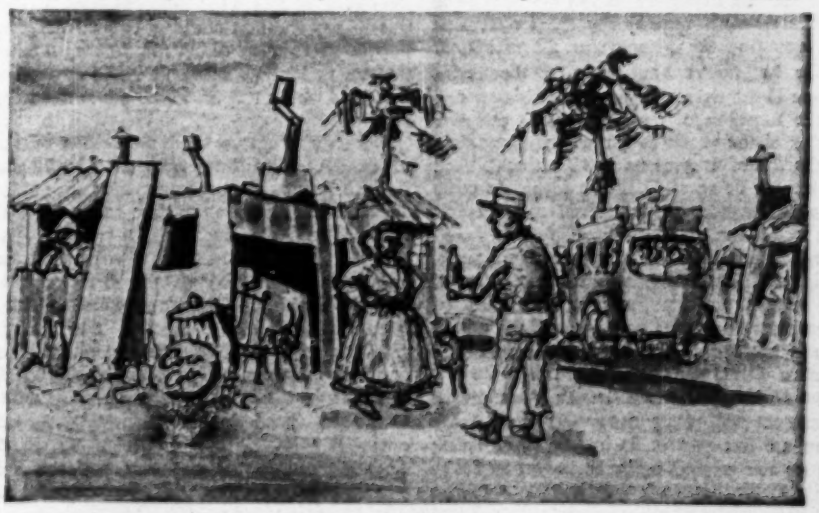
But if life is hard for Top People in Brasilia, it is very much worse for the vast majority. In my wanderings on foot, I stumbled across things which are not, I imagine, shown to most visitors. To the east of the main government area I found the vast shanty-town which has sprung up in the shadow of the skyscrapers. Here thousands of workers live in shacks, built of old packing-cases, hessian, corrugated iron. There is no running water, no sanitation, nothing. I peered into small huts, 10 feet by 12, where twenty construction workers sleep, head-to-toe. In the narrow alleys which bisect the shanties drunken men and women, prostitutes, naked children, scores of wild dogs, sheep, goats – even horses – mill about in the squalor. To be sure, the government plans to demolish these slums – ultimately. But, with the lure of high wages (in a country where nearly half still live outside the money economy), it is difficult to see how housing construction will ever keep pace with the flow of new arrivals. Already thousands lack even slum accommodation and sleep out in the streets. I suspect Brasilia's new slums may prove as durable as Niemeyer's skyscrapers.

Of course, time will solve most of the city's more jagged problems. Sooner or later, I imagine, a regular police-force will have to move in to prevent the unsolved crimes which, I was assured, occur almost nightly. Then, too, traffic control must be introduced: at present there are hardly any traffic-lights or regulations, still less police to enforce them. Huge trucks, jammed with jeering workers, hurtle along the new streets at sixty miles an hour. 'There are no *minor* accidents here', I was told. I could well believe it, having just seen a brand-new house which, the day before, had been squashed like a fly by a ten-ton lorry. Optimists claim the city will be in working order in five years; others say fifteen. Some critics maintain it will soon be abandoned, and rot in the wilderness as a monument to human folly and JK's vanity. I don't believe this: the city has already acquired enough impetus to survive and, eventually, to prosper. But in the course of this struggle it will, I fear, have accumulated so many unforeseen elements of ugliness as to render its creators' original concept almost nugatory.

Moreover, it suffers from two structural defects, which spring from the original plan. It is far too big for the architectural set-pieces which were planned to dominate it. In the world's great prospects – the High in Oxford, St Mark's Square in Venice, the perspective from the Louvre to the Arc de Triomphe – individual buildings have, by accident or design, multiplied their beauty by juxtaposition: the whole is greater than the parts. But in Brasilia, the elements in the design are too widely separated for the eye to collate and contrast them. From the Presidential Palace the main government buildings are mere dots on the horizon. There is no relationship, and hence no sense of unity, or even of diversity. The city is like a string of pearls cast over a football pitch.

This aesthetic failure is itself a consequence of the second defect: despite its architectural sophistication, Brasilia is fundamentally an old-fashioned city, perhaps the last of the old-style cities to be built. For it is planned round a proposition which most of the world's larger cities are beginning to find inadmissible: the right of the motor-car to penetrate the centre. Of course, the planners have thought ahead: to accommodate traffic they have built a road-system on a stupifying scale. Of its type, it is no doubt the best in the world, but the type itself, I believe, is already obsolete. Moreover, to accommodate this system, the city-centre has had to be spread out over scores of square miles, hence ruining the architectural plan. In fact, the centre is not a group of buildings at all but a bewildering desert of roads. Mankind has been sacrificed to the machine, which roars triumphant. In Brasilia, therefore, a superb opportunity was missed to construct a city revolving round a centre – in which the buildings could be related on pure architectural principles – proscribed to cars. Such cities must eventually be built: Brasilia might have been the first of them.

But despite all these criticisms, it would be folly to underrate the magnitude of JK's achievement. From Brasilia, the great continental roads are already beginning to radiate outwards: to Belem, Manaos and Recife in the north, to Rio in the east, to Sao Paulo in the south. Modern Brazil has at last leapt inwards from its rim, and begun to subdue the interior. The city will bring Brazil's great-power status a generation nearer. All the same, I'm glad I don't have to live there.



Birth of a Nation

TOM DRIBERG

An hour or two before midnight on the Feast of the Assumption, the streets of Nicosia were beginning to look more lively than on an ordinary Monday night, and street-corner groups were being swelled into crowds by the intermittent arrival of ramshackle buses from the villages, some bearing the slogan 'Long live the Sixteenth of August 1960!' Those who were involved in the ceremony at the Council of Ministers building – thenceforward to be the House of Representatives – were making their final preparations: police and cleaners were checking the building for security and specklessness; hotel switchboards were jammed with calls, journalists and MPs from England were still arguing about what clothes to wear; the representatives of Greece and Turkey and the Vice-President-Elect knew that they were doomed, despite the intense heat, to the most formal evening garb. The Archbishop-President-Elect was wondering who his Foreign Minister was going to be, and coping with the petitioners who, even on this night, besieged him. His brother, who is also his chauffeur, was brushing his best suit and dusting the archepiscopal Cadillac. His aged peasant father and stepmother, proud of their boy, but looking forward to going home to the quiet of their mountain village, were getting ready to set out with the Abbot of Kykko.

Meanwhile, at Government House – thenceforward to be the Presidential Palace – the Black Watch sentries were doing their last ceremonial guard with exemplary briskness. The Governor, who had hoped to get an hour's rest before the midnight function, was mollifying a deputation of Greeks apprehensive of Turkish infringements of the neutral strip between the camps in which the troops from Greece and Turkey were to be quartered next day. The Governor's wife remarked that it was 'hard to seem *compos mentis* when you've just put the lid on the forty-eighth crate'; but looked suitably vice-regal in a gown of shimmering gold. The Governor's Military Attaché was 'going round the offices making sure that there's nothing written on the blotters, such as "I love Captain X" that might shock the Archbishop's ADC'. The Governor's undergraduate son was reluctantly tying his black bow tie, and putting aside a bright red tie to wear for the departure in the morning. The soldier servants were filling the ice buckets and counting the Mumm for the reception.

The hall-porter and pages at the Ledra Palace Hotel were unwrapping their new flag of the Republic of Cyprus. 'This is our new flag', said the porter to a cocky young officer of the Blues. 'It goes up at 12 o'clock'. 'And I'll have it down at 12.15!', said he – a piece of wry bravado that deceived nobody and was well taken.

But all these human beings were, in a sense, peripheral. The vital, sacramental focus of the night's activities was a vast stack of documents and maps, each beautifully bound in red morocco, in the care of a relatively faceless gentleman from the treaty department of the Foreign Office. An international agreement setting up a new state, to which there are five parties, is inevitably complex; but no-one seemed really to understand why the actual process of signing had to take a full hour. Most of those present had nothing to do but sit, dazed and liquefying in the stifling heat, while the police band outside played popular medleys (starting, appropriately, with 'A little bit of luck' from *My Fair Lady*) and the five men on the dais signed and signed and signed at the points indicated by the forefingers of the faceless one and his colleagues, whose deft proprietary handling of the big red volumes and measured to-and-fro pacings recalled the liturgical movements of the master of ceremonies and acolytes at a high mass according to the western rite. Again and again one heard people ask despairingly, 'But why couldn't they have done it all before, except the last set of signatures . . . ? Or embodied all the treaties and things in one omnibus document – five copies of it, perhaps?' – and no doubt there *are* cogent reasons in international law why they couldn't; but a cynical Cypriot suggested that the *real* reason was that these are the big justifying moments in the drab, unseen lives of the men of the treaty department – perhaps two or three such occasions in an official lifetime – and they are not going to be cheated of one second of their hour of glory. Whether this be so or not, it all went so smoothly in Nicosia last week that whoever was responsible ought to 'get his K', if he hasn't got it already.

I doubt whether any one man, even the ex-Governor, has grasped all the details of this transfer of power – the hardest to unravel, probably, being the financial details, who pays how much for what, and on what vote or out of what grant. Nothing in Britain's imperial life in Cyprus became her so much as the leaving of it, if the lavish distribution of largesse be one test of what is becoming. Charity, naturally, begins at home: the British civil servants have been handsomely looked after, and receive tax free lump sums totalling some £2m – partly, it is fair to say, as commutation of pension, but partly also as compensation for the 'interruption' of their careers, even when they have been able to proceed directly to other lucrative public jobs.

Just as absorbing as these financial transactions were the last-minute negotiations on protocol and on the arrival of the troops from Greece and Turkey. In what order were the five signatories to arrive for the midnight ceremony, and in what order to leave? Who was to pay the first courtesy call on the new President? (Turkey didn't mind doing it after Greece, so long as it wasn't third; so Britain was third.) On a day on which the police were fairly fully extended, anyway, with the Governor's departure and the return of the 23 EOKA exiles, how were the Greek and Turkish troops to be transported from the dockside at Famagusta to their camps west of Nicosia, with the least risk of trouble? (At first the Turks had wanted to march all the way, with bands playing, through Greek as well as Turkish villages and even to enter Nicosia flamboyantly through the ancient gate through which their ancestors had marched on their first conquest of the island in 1570: in the end, they were all persuaded to go by 'bus.) In all these petty – but potentially inflamatory – affairs, Sir Hugh Foot showed to the end that patience and powers of conciliation which helped to make the epilogue to the story of Britain in Cyprus slightly less shabby and brutal than the preceding chapters. Indeed, his only fault is perhaps a defect of his virtue: he failed to sack, or to see the need for sacking, people who ought to have been sacked.

One intangible, but real, improvement must have been of peculiar satisfaction to him. In the past year, the whole atmosphere of the island has changed for the better: some Greeks and some Turks seem to be seeking, tentatively, to return to the state of fairly tolerant co-existence which obtained before Whitehall decided that *Divide et impera* might still work, and ministers stimulated Turkish intransigence by letting slip the word partition. Moreover most of the British troops now in the island have been there only a short time, and – the British popular memory for foreign politics being what it is – know little and care less about EOKA and other meaningless sets of initials. They have therefore, fortunately, no bitter personal memories of the past years; they spend their spare time bathing in a sapphire sea under cloudless skies, hankering after Blackpool, and – surest sign that the emergency is over – indulging in routine grumbles about the blancoing of kit and other forms of bull.

But what of the settlement itself? Who suffers or benefits most by it – and can it be made to work?

Whenever negotiations end in compromise, some of those represented at the negotiations will be disappointed. Most people in Britain, including many of Mr Macmillan's supporters, probably regard the Cyprus settlement as a humiliating one for the British. In Cyprus, at least when you talk to some of the Greeks, you note a very different emphasis. It seems that the Machiavellian British have again conceded some of the forms of freedom while retaining many of the realities of power – and have, in doing so, raised the Turkish minority to a status far higher than they had before or are, proportionately, entitled to. The crudest version of this view was put to me by a rank-and-file Communist in Limassol. 'After all those years of struggle,' he said, 'we have achieved *nothing* – the British can still do what they like, all over the island'; and, from the opposite political pole, the Zurich agreement and all its consequences are denounced by Mr John Clerides (whom Left and extreme Right combined to support as presidential candidate against the Archbishop) and, in Athens, by General Grivas. Indeed, since General Grivas has declared that the whole island is still a British base, it looks as if he were helpfully providing Mr Macmillan with ammunition for use against recalcitrant Tory back-benchers.

Naturally, this view is not shared by Archbishop Makarios and the Vice-President, Dr Kutchuk (who exchange fulsome public compliments, while still not seeing very much of each other socially), or by the more sophisticated and moderate leaders of the Archbishop's Patriotic Front (lately EDMA) and of the Left-wing party, AKEL – to which, despite its Communism, five of the 35 Greek seats in the House of Representatives have been allotted under an electoral pact. Leaders of AKEL claim that it is, on previous form, entitled to more seats; it accepted this allocation, however, because the constituencies have been so drawn that if it had contested every seat it might have won none at all. This arrangement suits both AKEL and the Archbishop: it gives AKEL an official forum, and, as experience in other

parliaments shows, a one-seventh minority of active and able men can have a considerable impact on any assembly; while, to the Archbishop, official Communist representation may afford some safeguard against underground activity – and, as he says, with his charismatic smile, 'I must *have* an opposition!'

I do not mean to imply that AKEL is satisfied with the new set-up. It could hardly be – though its campaigning against the British bases will have to be muted, or ingenious, if it is to escape the obvious comeback that, when there is so much unemployment in Cyprus, the bases do provide some jobs and the troops and their families do spend some money (£10 million a year, in an island with a half million population). In general, the present line of the responsible AKEL leaders is a watching-and-waiting line, a line of 'constructive' criticism and limited co-operation with the government. They do not approve of the settlement; but they are reserving their frontal attack on it for the time when, as they judge, the people themselves will begin to feel its adverse effects. Then, they calculate, they will be able to say 'We told you so' without being accused of having made the settlement unworkable.

Some of the provisions of the constitution do, indeed, look strange and impracticable. One article sets up separate Greek and Turkish municipalities in each of the five largest towns. This arrangement is subject to review within four years; but by then – cumbersome and expensive as the system must be – there will presumably be enough Greek and Turkish bureaucrats, dug well into their jobs, to ensure that Parkinson's Law will defeat common sense. Again, it seems extraordinary actually to write into a national constitution the exact Greek-Turkish ratio of hours for television programmes. The constitution also says that if the President of the Republic is abroad or sick, his deputy is not to be, as one might expect, the Vice-President, but the Speaker of the House of Representatives. This again – since the Speaker, like the President, is a Greek – is a manifestation of the rigid principle of *Apartheid*.

Since education also is strictly separatist, it is difficult to see how future generations are to grow up feeling that they are Cypriots rather than Christian Greeks or Moslem Turks. The new Republican flag is flown on public buildings; but the blue-and-white of Greece and, in some district and villages, the blood-red of Turkey are still generally dominant. For the Independence thanksgiving service the Church of the Phaneromini was decked from floor to dome with Greek flags; and this, too, was in accordance with the constitution.

Six years ago I had heard Archbishop Makarios, in this Church of the Phaneromini, calling 'the Greek people of Cyprus' to their national struggle; on that occasion his address was punctuated by loud cries (conducted by a cheer leader) of 'EN-O-SIS'. This time there was (apart from the prayers) no reference to Greece or to *enosis*. The blinding, baking sunlight poured in to the church, and thousands of service-papers fluttered in quick time as the people packed in a tight phalanx, high in a remote gallery, fanned themselves – creating the curious illusion that the building itself was trembling in the fierce glare, trying out its wings, and about to perform a miracle of levitation.

With this constant manifestation of cultural differences between the two main Cypriot groups, it is obvious that a sense of Cypriot nationhood will develop slowly. There is, in fact, a contradiction between what the Archbishop says and no doubt sincerely wants, and what is insisted on by the constitution to which he has agreed. The only person I met who talked of 'integration' was General Pantelides, the stocky, burly commander-in-chief of the Cypriot army, and he talked of it, interestingly enough, as an argument for national service. But this would hardly be a major contribution to mutual understanding or national consciousness: the Republic, says the constitution, 'shall have an army of 2,000 men of whom 60 per centum shall be Greeks and 40 per centum shall be Turks'.

It is not surprising, then, that the official celebrations of Independence Day were watched by the populace with interest but with no overwhelming display of fervour. That was reserved for communal rather than national occasions – for the thanksgiving service and, still more, for the welcome to the 23 EOKA men. American photographers who covered wars, revolutions, and popular festivities from China to Cuba, and English veterans of Trafalgar Square, agreed that they had never seen crowds like this – starting with the flowers, the kisses and the tears at the airport and continuing all the long way to the stadium. Recalling the fatuous assessments of EOKA retailed officially three or four years ago – 'a small gang of thugs' by whom a peace-loving Cypriot population was terrorised – I wondered what those who had misjudged the situation so glaringly would think of this demonstration. Would Lord Harding, I wonder, have assured us crisply that the crowds were only there because they had been threatened with excommunication?

EOKA is part of history, and EOKA men themselves tell you that Grivas, though a

DAILY HERALD

— independent . . . outspoken.

skilled soldier, is 'no good as a politician'. The Archbishop-President, having paid his proud tribute to them, moves on to a wider stage, a world stage, to join Nehru and Nkrumah and, in due course, Banda and Mboya as the 'new men' of the Commonwealth and of international affairs. There is little doubt that his publicly expressed personal preference for Commonwealth membership will be acceptable in Cyprus.

He is not himself, of course, a man of the Left. (Nor was Haile Selassie.) But he has indicated his position on two world issues of crucial importance: he intends to pursue an independent foreign policy, refusing to attach Cyprus to either of the great power blocs and foreseeing that Cyprus will often be voting in the UN with India and the Afro-Asians; and he surprised his first press conference by saying that if the British bases are used in a way 'that may affect the rest of the island' – e.g., for storing nuclear weapons or (as he later confirmed) for U-2 flights – then 'the Cypriot people will not agree to such use.' Now, this is clean contrary to what Mr Amery told parliament in July, when he spoke of Britain's 'full sovereignty' over the base areas, and I expect that the British government will be very cross with the Archbishop; but there he is, firmly in power, and they would find it impossibly difficult to put him down.

Now Cyprus has known the bloodshed (four years of it) and the sweat (two grilling days of it). There is plenty of toil ahead. I hope that it won't all end in tears.

Nicosia, 22 August

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THE ARTS

Vision, Vision . . .

WALTER ALLEN

When the TUC meets on Monday week among the resolutions before it will be this from the Association of Cinematograph, Television and Allied Technicians:

> Congress recognises the importance of the arts in the life of the community especially now when many Unions are securing a shorter working week and greater leisure time for their members.
>
> It notes that the Trade Union Movement has participated to only a small extent in the direct promotion and encouragement of plays, films, music, literature and other forms of expression including those of value to its beliefs and principles.
>
> Congress considers that much more could be done and accordingly requests the General Council to conduct a special examination and to make proposals to a future Congress to ensure a greater participation by the Trade Union Movement in all cultural activities.

How the TUC will react to the proposition is anybody's guess. The important thing is that it is the first round in Arnold Wesker's and Bill Holdsworth's campaign to persuade the trade union movement to consider its relationship to the cultural life of the community. It is indeed the first time for many years that anyone has suggested that the trade union movement has a moral responsibility for the arts and the things of the spirit, for all those human activities and values for which culture is a convenient shorthand word. This alone makes the ACTT resolution, whether it is carried or not, a significant event in the history of the Labour movement.

Wesker and Holdsworth themselves have a pretty clear notion, expressed in their pamphlet *Labour and the Arts: II*, of the kind of thing unions could do. They envisage, for example, unions joining together to build and support theatres in industrial areas where no theatres at present exist. They suggest that unions should support the existing film unit of the ACTT, so that its programme can be expanded, and subsidise the work of reclaiming and recording both the traditional and the more recent folk songs and ballads. They contemplate the unions' sponsoring a national trade union orchestra, helping with grants members' children who show talent in the arts, commissioning paintings and sculpture, holding annual exhibitions of contemporary art, offering annual prizes for literary works, and so on.

They can point to a number of precedents from abroad of union participation in the arts and they can point, too, to the quite respectable record in recent years of big business; Wesker, no doubt, is more aware than anyone of the irony that the production of his trilogy at the Royal Court Theatre has been made possible partly by Oxo and Schweppes. They are emphatic that 'under no circumstances whatsoever must artists be called in to work with political strings attached. Freedom of the artist is of paramount importance'.

Whatever happens at the TUC this year, Wesker and Holdsworth intend to keep up their efforts to persuade the unions of their moral responsibility to bring the arts to their members. They are certain to run into opposition and, much more dangerous, the soft answer: we would an we could. What, most likely, they will have to beat down first is blank consternation: when the question of TU involvement in the arts was put to a recent session of the BBC *Brains Trust* the response of the eminent members, none of whom were stuffy characters, was rather that towards outrageous novelty. Wesker's and Holdsworth's strength is that they know what they are doing, and why. Indeed, it is easy to see now that the campaign springs naturally out of Wesker's penetrating (and very moving) account in *Roots* of the cultural poverty of much working-class life. After the dramatic analysis, political action. It is not an accident that they quote William Morris in their pamphlet. They have gone back to the spiritual roots of British Socialism, and in doing so they have started a new debate on an old theme.

In our next issue, a number of men and women distinguished in the various arts – among them J. B. Priestley, Feliks Topolski and Angus Wilson – will state what they think the trade unions can do for our culture.

Far and Wide

DAVID DREW

The visit of the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra to the Proms last week made possible a sequence of programmes which, in their composition, would do credit to the most opulent of Continental music festivals. The choice of unfamiliar music was admirable: Berlioz's *Grande Messe des Morts*, Webern's Op. 6, Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements, Schoenberg's Orchestral Variations, Busoni's Comedy Overture and Satie's *Parade*.

As with all defective composers of major stature, Berlioz arouses special partisanship. His case differs from that of, say, Bruckner, in that the material itself, or the development of it, sometimes fails to achieve any real musical and imaginative life, even within its own limits. All too often, the variations of intensity within a musical structure merely reflect the vagaries of Berlioz's invention, rather than being a function of a thoroughly composed and felt design. Some of the local successes, such as the inspired settings of the words 'Et lux perpetua luceat eis' near the beginning of the Requiem, sometimes seem curiously isolated from their context, except in so far as they 'show it up', qualitatively. Yet the Requiem also has its more sustained successes – notably the Lacrymosa – and if it is not the finest Berlioz, it well deserves an occasional performance. In certain respects the Royal Albert Hall makes an admirable arena for it.

The test piece of the week, both for the orchestra and for the audience, was undoubtedly the Schoenberg Variations. In England the work has always enjoyed a special prestige *in absentia*, dating back to the qualified blessing which Constant Lambert bestowed on it in *Music Ho!* In more recent times, there has been a growing feeling that of all the orchestral works of Schoenberg's later years, this was the one most likely to win him a public. It is a feeling which I have shared, but the dangers are now very apparent. One can imagine what might have been going on in the mind of a listener who had no score and was hearing the work for the first time last week:

'Introduction and theme – yes I can follow this. In the next two variations the theme seems to be moving into the background. So why does Schoenberg suddenly blare it out on the horns, in the third variation? Doesn't

this music *move*? And if it *does* have a direction, why does this dotted-quaver figure suddenly emerge towards the end of the third variation? Now comes the fourth variation, which is supposed to be a kind of waltz. But what is the point of the accompanying jumble of semiquavers and quavers on the "tinkly" instruments? It upsets the rhythm and muddles the texture: how unrhythmic this music is! And now, with the last part of the waltz, everything seems to disintegrate, and it stays that way in the next variation. There's a clarinet tune at the beginning of the sixth variation which makes sense, though heaven knows what's going on in the accompaniment. There's also a clear but unshapely line in the seventh variation. Then there is a very fast variation which comes to a full stop, fortissimo. I've miscounted! This must be the last of the variations. Oh no, here's another starting. I wish it hadn't – anti-climax incarnate, it has no shape, and the melodic lines don't seem to go anywhere. Now there's supposed to be a big Finale; but it's so hard to concentrate. What *was* the theme, anyway? Still, the end is near – but no, we reach a sort of culmination only to find that it dissolves into a foggy kind of adagio, which gropes around for a few bars, and then there's a wild outburst, and it's all finished. So am I. Oh dear, it's very earnest, but my word what a bore!'

I trust that this is not a caricature of what is probably a common reaction when Schoenberg is heard in the concert halls today. Indeed, the attitude calls for sympathy. At least it is better than self-deception or public pretence, even if the pretence is one of approval. What is more, it can be put to constructive use, for the corrective is encouragingly simple. The listener will naturally have blamed Schoenberg for his negative reaction. Reference to the score, or better still, to a fine performance, may show that in every case the listener was (understandably) mistaking a fault in the performance for a fault in the composer. That is already a positive critical attitude which, properly directed, will bear fruit. Provided it is followed up, this year's Prom performance of the Variations will have helped, in the wider view, to hasten the time when 'these sounds will be found beautiful'. In the meanwhile, we should try to be realistic about the extraordinary difficulty of the Variations from the point of view of everyday performance.

Finally, a less important but by no means negligible question. On what grounds did Satie's *Parade* seem to recommend itself so warmly to the Prom audience last Saturday night? If it was on account of the paraphernalia of horns, sirens, typewriters etc. then the account has been rigged. The choice of a work which is one of the most frightening expressions – or rather, suppressions – of spiritual despair and desolation in the whole field of modern art is unusual for a Saturday Night Prom. But once it has been made, the music must speak for itself. Nursery games are best played in the nursery, and percussion games are best played at Darmstadt, or at any rate where there is no music within earshot. The games which were played in *Parade* last Saturday did not always reveal their true ownership and the success which they seem to have secured for the music was heart-breaking. Satie would have smiled, certainly, but with that smile from the corner of the mouth that Picasso caught so memorably. There is a sense in which *Parade* is pure *Caligari*. But its horrors all lie beneath the surface, and its skills are of a very special kind. With grim incorruptibility, Satie gave *Parade* its fragile but precious life close to the borderline of music. One step across, and everything is lost.

Naples in Coventry

JEREMY BROOKS

Is there something in the English dramatic tradition which makes the typical 'Mediterranean comedy' unacceptable to us? *Filumena*, presented this week by Coventry's Belgrade Theatre in a translation by Eric Bentley, is the work of the distinguished Italian dramatist Eduardo de Filippo. It has been produced in over 20 foreign countries, acclaimed by internationally famous critics, and last year won the prize for the 'best foreign play of the year' in the USSR, where it was produced at 40 different theatres. In Coventry *Filumena* has been directed with verve and imagination by Abraham Asseo against a set, by Joseph Carl, which is as Neapolitan as Naples itself; it is extremely well acted, with a notable performance from Wendy Rotha in the name part. And yet, with all these portents of success, it doesn't quite come off.

This is the story of an ex-prostitute who, after living for 25 years with the rich and attractive man who bought her from her brothel, tricks him into marriage by pretending to be on her death-bed. To stem the tide of his fury when she arises, full of life and fight, to proclaim herself his wife, she produces three sons, whom she has been secretly supporting on his money, and tells him that one of them – but she won't say which – is his. The play ends with a credible reconciliation, a new marriage, and a new depth of understanding in both of them. In between we have seen Filumena spitting fire, plotting, taking a long bleak look at her insecure life, and making an affirmation of the sanctity of motherhood that should have wrung tears from a stone.

Yet most eyes were dry in Monday's audience, and an air of faint discomfort hung over the first two acts. One was all too conscious that a deliberate verbal bid was being made for one's most easily accessible emotions, but one was not prepared to give in. Laughter came as a relief, yet it was always slightly guilty laughter: and here, I think, is the root of the trouble. It is not so easy for us as it is for Latins to leap in one unselfconscious bound from pathos to hilarity. We want to know what terms we are being offered, what mood we should enter into; and when we listen to a long, passionately inward-looking speech from a character on the very edge of tragic tears, our sympathy is somehow robbed of sincerity if laughter from the previous scene is still ringing in our ears. No one could have done more for *Filumena* than this talented, vivacious company, but nothing they did could save the audience from feeling like jesters at a funeral, or mourners at a fête.

Most subjects can be made to yield humour of a sort, if only through satire or irony; but the devisers of *The Art of Living* (Criterion), the new revue 'based on' the writings of Art Buchwald, seem to have no sense of the point at which a subject becomes too delicate to be submitted to the rough manhandling of stage humour. A cheap, imprecise gibe at pro-German sentiment ('Let's Forget the Past') or an up-to-the-minute gobbett of anti-Russianism ('I Love U2' – a pretty Soviet peasant girl flirts with the parachutist, then hands him over to the soldiery in exchange for a medal) seemed to me both tasteless and destructive, despite the roars of delight with which they were greeted. The dirt, too ('Whatever Lolita Wants', 'Oh Lars'), was nastier than usual – what Lawrence called 'sex in the head'. Only when the genuine voice of Art Buchwald was allowed to break through, in the charming person of Hiram Sherman, did the gentle, pointed comments on touring in Europe have any precision or quality. That brilliant comedian Graham Stark, who seems able to change not just his shape but his size from one impersonation to the next, gives the show an appearance of wit which it doesn't deserve. Music, by Monty Norman and David Heneker, is catchy; decor, by Voytex, strictly utility; a cheap show, in many senses.

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Picasso and Analytical Cubism

DAVID SYLVESTER

In Analytical Cubism Picasso was using for once an exceedingly complex formal language – as distinct from the complex use of a basically simple if sophisticated language in *Guernica*. Certainly, by comparison with late Cézanne, Analytical Cubism partakes of the modern tendency to isolate particular qualities, but it is still the most complicated style of the last fifty years, apart, perhaps, from Braque's own late style. What is significant about Picasso's Analytical Cubism is that it stands apart from the rest of his career. There is no doubt that the style was created in the first place by Braque, in the Estaque landscapes of the summer of 1908. And it seems possible that if Braque had not created it, it would never have been created. True, it is embryonic in the background of the *Demoiselles d'Avignon*, but this picture points in so many directions that there's no guarantee that this one would have been taken. It is conceivable that, in the absence of Braque, Picasso could have gone straight from the style of the so-called Negro Period to that of Synthetic Cubism. The idea of simultaneously presenting several views of an object, though not fully carried out until Analytical Cubism, is certainly latent in the *Demoiselles* (in the two figures on the right) and in other works of the Negro Period, and the form it begins to take here is closer to the form it later took in Synthetic Cubism than is the form it meanwhile took in Analytical Cubism.

It is also significant that the transition from Analytical to Synthetic Cubism was much sharper, more sudden, in Picasso's development than in Braque's – though for Braque too it was, of course, a fresh start, no logical development but (with everything getting too impossibly involved) a matter of making the best of a bad job. Still, there is some overlapping of the two styles in all Braque's work right up to the time his career was interrupted by mobilisation in August 1914, whereas there are certain Picassos done before the end of 1912 in which there is no vestige of the earlier style and before the end of 1913 there is no trace of it in any of his work.

Furthermore, in Braque's later work, though this is, of course, founded mainly on Synthetic Cubism, there are more frequent reminiscences than in Picasso's of Analytical Cubism: he often introduces a hint of it into a section of a painting, as in some of the *Ateliers*. Picasso, on the other hand, does no more than make a very occasional excursion into a style which calls it to mind: thus the *Reclining Nude* of 1952 from the Ganz collection seems a deliberate evocation, in colour and form, of such proto-Analytical-Cubist paintings as the *Bather* of 1908 and the Tate's *Bust of a Woman* of 1909 – and the very fact that the reference is much more clear-cut than it ever is in the later work of Braque tends to confirm that for Picasso Analytical Cubism is something special, something apart.

What is more, whereas Analytical Cubism left hardly any visible trace on Picasso's subsequent work, the Negro period brought to birth certain forms which became typical of a great deal of the work of his later years. Just as paintings of 1905-6 contain the seeds of much of his more-or-less naturalistic work after 1920 – notably the monumental nudes of the early Twenties – so are the seeds of much of his more-or-less Cubist work after 1935 contained in paintings of 1907. Since the mid-Thirties Picasso's most characteristic shape has been a taut shallow curve, something like that of a scimitar, used in opposition to straight lines, and the 1907 paintings are almost entirely made up of exactly the same curve together with straight lines. The anticipation is most evident in *Still Life with Skull* (Leningrad, now at the Tate), for the shallowness of its space emphasises the picture-plane more than in the figure-paintings of the period and to something like the same degree as in the later paintings, but the nudes and the dancers too are built up out of the selfsame shapes. The scimitar-like curve, incidentally, is characteristic of medieval Catalan painting as well as of the bronze ancestral figures from the French Congo which Picasso saw at the Trocadéro. Another feature of these bronze figures which Picasso incorporates is the decorative use of hatching. He first employs it in the faces of the two figures on the right of the *Demoiselles d'Avignon;* a few months later, in the *Nu à la Draperie* in Moscow and the *Flowers* from the Colin collection, he fills up every shape with this hatching. And this kind of hatching re-appears, along with the scimitar-curve, in several paintings of the late Thirties and Forties.

The paintings of 1907, then, are remarkably akin to much of the most typical late work. The differences are that in the later works the shapes lie flatter on the picture-plane and there is a more constant and systematic use of multiple viewpoints. But these characteristics are typical of Synthetic Cubism. So, much of the work of Picasso's full maturity combines features of his work of 1907 and of his work of 1913-15: everything that came between is excluded, everything, that is, involved specifically in the growth of Analytical Cubism, from the block-like figures of 1908, through their gradual fragmentation, to the shimmering crystalline structures of 1911.

The significance of this, I believe, is that Analytical Cubism is a less simple, single-minded and direct style than those which preceded and followed it, styles which clearly isolate certain qualities at the expense of all others. Analytical Cubism made Picasso into a seeker rather than a finder. Though it produced some of his finest work, it was not entirely natural to him, because the complexity of its aims was inimical to the creation of an immediately telling image.

ENCOUNTER

The September issue, just out, includes

Brian Inglis
THE PSYCHOPATH

Richard Lowenthal
POINTS OF THE COMPASS

Anthony Carson
OFF TO SICILY

John Trevelyan
THE CENSOR'S REPLY
(to the recent debate on film censorship)

Also: **Goronwy Rees** on Tunisia, **Gertrude Himmelfarb** on John Buchan, and contributions by **Rayner Heppenstall, Nigel Dennis, Frank Kermode** and others.

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Bourrée Fantasque, at the Festival Hall

The first night of the Festival Ballet's production of *Bourrée Fantasque* gave an extreme example of what can be got out of a company. Una Kai was sent from America by George Balanchine to reproduce his ballet, and she has practically reproduced the company as well. Under Miss Kai's direction the dancing has acquired a kind of controlled verve and a technical smartness that makes the tottering pirouettes and sloppy behaviour of the dancers in the first ballet, *Napoli*, seem like a bad dream. *Bourrée Fantasque* is typical Balanchine: it is abstract, with patches of dry humour. The girls wear richly coloured tutus, the men neat tights. It is all conventional and classical, the geometrical patterns shifting and re-forming like bits of bright tinsel in a kaleidoscope. But, as with a kaleidoscope, there is no variation in texture; colour and pattern are all-important. It is essential that the principals in a ballet like this should have strong personalities, or at least a special style. Here the Festival Ballet has the advantage of the Royal Ballet, for their harder existence has forced even those who do not have naturally strong character to project what little they have and present the audience with clear, defined individual personality.

A. F.

Battle Inferno, at the Prince of Wales, Harrow Road

The battle for Stalingrad from the German point of view: that is the hope held out by this West German film by Frank Wisbar, and to some extent realised. The troop trains go off, a very different situation is found from that expected, winter sets in early, there aren't the right clothes, enough ammunition or enough men. A whole army, with its claws in the ruined city, is encircled; and the Hitler plan for Stalingrad remains inflexible. The final effort of this doomed army is in the outskirts of Stalingrad itself: sometimes the Russians hold an upper floor, with the Germans underneath. Paulus's surrender and the trek through the snow are familiar from newsreels: and it says much for this film that, in its scenes of action, its battlescapes, it comes so near the real thing that reviewers have tended to assume that newsreels have been largely employed. Terror and pity are there all right. These tend to disappear when the drama becomes individual and the characters start talking. More than half an hour of such dialogue has been cut by the distributors, so that it is impossible to assess the film as intended, but this slashed, fragmentary version certainly has force. In its present form the story goes to bits and the 'point of view' remains cloudy. Is it a bitter threnody or a prop to pride? Anti-Hitler? Anti-war? The concluding sentences – 'Perhaps we shall learn from all this', 'Or not' – suggest the last; and so we may take it.

W. W.

Correspondence

THE NOISE MENACE

SIR, – It is refreshing to find C. H. Rolph taking aircraft noise seriously – unlike the cheerful *Times* correspondent who denied there was an inferno round London Airport and solemnly quoted someone who said the Battle of the Marne was worse!

The Ministry of Aviation has a 'procedure' for its jets which – when it is observed – means that at a certain distance from the runway power is cut back and the noise diminished. This still means that noise disturbance is pretty bad for half a million souls, but there are in addition about 50,000 families within the check points. These suffer the full blast of jet noise before power is lessened, or, as Mr Rolph says 'the most terrible noise yet invented by man.' It is bad enough by day, but now that permission has been given for jet flights at night the lot of thousands – many who lived in the district before the Airport was there – is fearful.

At Southend a motor cyclist was successfully prosecuted because his machine made a noise equal to 93 decibels. Yet during last summer noise levels of between 110-120 decibels were recorded round London Airport – a level which a Middlesex County Council medical officer has said could cause permanent deafness.

Much must be done, more quickly. We have waited four years for an earth bank at London Airport which is still not built. The present battle against noise is everyone's concern, because unless it is won life will become sheer hell for all of us.

ARTHUR SKEFFINGTON

House of Commons

FILM CENSORSHIP

SIR, – This debate raises important issues; and your critic William Whitebait, and Derek Hill in *Encounter*, deserve our thanks for pursuing it with such insistence. Some of your readers may wonder why the particular cases raised seem always to be the same ones. (Michael Croft must by now be heartily sick of discussing that scotched project to film *Spare the Rod*.) They should not underestimate the risks run by film makers (or distributors) who engage in public controversy about decisions of censorship. This factor makes the censor's position a very strong one.

It is most difficult of all to bring into the open the instances where threats of censorship have prevented there ever being a film to censor, or have radically affected its form *before* it has been shot. An important new British film, for instance, will shortly be shown with an X certificate. The film is adapted from a serious, highly-praised novel, of which the entire central motif had to be reshaped as a result of the censor's warning that if it was filmed as written, the picture would not be granted a certificate of any kind. The completed film has been passed by the censor without cuts; but however 'adult' it may be, the limitations imposed on its makers while it was still in the scripting stage can only be described as severe. I will not mention the name of this film, as I do not wish to embarrass the people who made it.

While we criticise the conduct of our censorship, however, it should be clearly understood that there is a strong case to be made out for its existence. (And this makes its defence by sarcasm and evasion all the more regrettable.) The essential question is not whether films should be cut at all, but whether cuts should be made in films which have been passed for exhibition to adults only – and whether it is right to deny certain films any exhibition at all, and if so, on what grounds. Unfortunately the film industry's fear of the narrow-mindedness and inconsistency of local authorities is almost certainly justified. Probably there is no satisfactory alternative to a central board of censorship. The problem is to see that such a board does not, in the name of *morality*, assume the role of a *social* (and political) arbiter.

Of course this is bound to happen to some extent, and of course it is happening now, in the cinema as in the theatre. In the cinema the pressures of orthodoxy are greater (if I were not trying to be polite I would call it reaction), because the film is above all a popular medium, and has the possibility of influencing large numbers of people. Ours is not a society in which the democratic tradition is very strong. Most liberal Englishmen, whether they vote right or left, are happiest with a system of benevolent hierarchy, and what they call democracy is really a term for a peculiarly national brand of decent, unostentatious paternalism. Judgements or actions based on such values they do not regard as 'political' – just as Tories never think of Toryism as 'politics'. It is just not generally believed that the adult citizen of this country, of whatever class, has the inalienable right to see and hear what he likes on a cinema screen: he has not been educated for such responsibility. And there is, alas, nothing extraordinary in the fact that a censorship board administering such principles should exist happily under the presidency of a distinguished figure of the left, Lord Morrison.

Films should be censored for children and adolescents. Adult citizens should be free to see what they can. Artists should be free to say what they believe is important – in so far as commerce will permit. The censor should be a public servant, responsible to the people, not for them. Indifference to issues like these is a sad indication of the degree to which democratic belief has lapsed in our country.

LINDSAY ANDERSON

57 Greencroft Gardens
London NW6

SIR, – In spring 1954 I wrote a screenplay about Teddy-boys – it de-bunked them, exposing the element of vanity and narcissism in their make-up – and the day before the producer was due to sign the contract with the distribution company, someone suggested that we ought to get the Censor's OK. The script was sent to the Censor, who wrote back that he 'would rather the film were not made'. So it wasn't.

ANTONY VERNEY

40 West Heath Drive, NW11

A NEW WAY INTO THE MIND

SIR, – Mr Gold's vigorous attack on my account of LSD therapy seems not to have been informed by a direct knowledge of the subject. By contrast, my friends in this field have accepted the article as an honest reflection of their experiences. My own belief in the value of LSD derives from my personal experience of the drug and from observing its effects on patients under analysis.

I am, of course, familiar with the abreactive drugs to which he refers, which have the property of releasing affect from fairly superficial, preconscious matter. The vital difference which marks LSD is the raising to consciousness of deeper subconscious material, the profound re-experiencing of buried infantile memories, and the achievement of insight which modifies thinking and behaviour. Your correspondent's references to Pavlov, religious conversions and brainwashing seem to me merely misleading, and the long and technically detailed paper which he seems to demand could hardly have appeared in the NEW STATESMAN.

Mr Barrie Jones's letter is unfortunately based on a misunderstanding. The clinical trials of LSD which are taking place in a few mental hospitals are undoubtedly yielding useful information about the value and the limitations of LSD in treating various conditions. Such trials, however, necessarily include cases which would not be accepted for treatment under the high standard of selection I referred to in my article. Patients, in any case, are scarcely in a position

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to assess the potentialities of a treatment by generalising from their own observations.

Mr Malleson's intriguing dream of warfare by LSD therapy is, I am afraid, impracticable, as the drug would be instantly destroyed by the chlorine in the world's drinking water. Both he and Mr Gold are welcome to test my sanguineness by investigating LSD therapy for themselves, and if my article stimulates wider study of the drug I shall be very glad.

ROBERT GEORGE MILES

70 Belsize Park Gardens, NW3

SIR, – As a person who has benefited enormously from LSD I should like to say how much I appreciated Robert George Miles' article, 'A New Way into the Mind.' For me, at any rate – a sufferer from anxiety and tension, though not of an extreme kind – LSD has had a truly liberating effect. Nobody wants to claim that this drug is a cure-all for the many different kinds of mental illness, but it would be equally mistaken to under-estimate its therapeutic value.

In my case the drug was administered only three months ago, so it is impossible to say how lasting its effects will be. But it does seem unlikely that the self-knowledge which LSD has induced will ever be completely forgotten.

A PATIENT

London, W8

THE NAKED AND THE RED

SIR, – Under the above facetious and suggestive title, Paul Johnson dismisses the naturist movement as sex-obsessed, unnatural, boring, and silly. This seems to follow on a brief visit to L'Ile du Levant.

The naturist movement in England is of some importance: there are about twenty clubs and they cannot accommodate all eligible applicants for lack of space and facilities. I myself am a member of one of the largest and best equipped. I joined it two years ago. My sojourn at the club extending over a few weeks was one of the most delightful and stimulating experiences I have ever had: it had nothing to do with sex; it was far from boring; it seemed quite natural; and not at all silly. Why did I join? This is always a difficult question to answer, as those who read *Health & Efficiency* well know. One needs to be a member and a frequenter to find out. Personally, I joined because I like being naked in naked company. There is something free, releasing, and even (if I may use the word) pure, about it. Anyone who has studied sex psychology knows that it is not the naked body that excites but the deliberately near-naked, like what the bald bachelors go to the Windmill Theatre to see.

I don't know what L'Ile du Levant is like, but I fancy the English clubs resemble mine in that any suspicion of sex interest, or manifestation of it, would soon lead to the member's expulsion. Of course we look at slim young naked bodies. Why shouldn't we? They are beautiful – and by beautiful I don't mean bed-worthy.

I have never heard anyone talk in the club about naturist principles; our discussions are more likely to be about the finer points of the English language, or the Dead Sea Scrolls, or Philip of Macedonia's family. The naturist population is drawn mainly from the intellectuals – doctors, business executives, lawyers, and so on. And for lunch we don shorts and shirts not because we don't like eating naked but because it seems more sensible that way.

It is clear that Mr Johnson has never been inside an English naturist club and it seems to me a pity that a journalist of his calibre should on such slender evidence dismiss a movement that harms no one, and, in my view, brings the benefit of striving after the Body Beautiful and is conducive to a type of unfettered mental and sexual health not to be found in any other way or sphere.

G. STEVENSON

1 Nelson Street
Greenock

REYNOLDS NEWS

SIR, – Francis Williams is wrong; there is no 'of course' about it. *Reynolds News* circulation is not down, it is *UP*. From the ABC figures available to him Mr Williams can see that, although there was a drop at December 1959, in the first six months of this year the circulation of *Reynolds News* increased by 15,000. This is an increase of nearly five per cent. And the upward trend continues.

F. J. HOSKINS
Secretary and General Manager
Reynolds News
WC1

TWILIGHT IN LIVERPOOL

SIR, – As a Liverpudlian I was more than a little interested in Audrey Harvey's article about our slums. While not questioning anything she wrote (it is all too true), it may create the wrong impression of the city as a whole. A lot of the people to whom she refers, though obviously not all, do not originate from this city. They come from Ireland with their ready-made families and also from farther afield. Because of the conditions they live under, should they be given priority over people who have lived and worked here all their lives? The citizens in the part of the town where I live (two up, two down, no hot water, no bathroom) manage to wash and also keep their self respect, as indeed they have done for generations. If a window gets broken, surely they can replace it without boarding it up? One night away from the pub wouldn't harm them.

The answer for some, I'm afraid, is not just housing. One has only to look at some of the new housing estates for proof of that. They are the slums of tomorrow. The answer, I would say, lies in their being taught how to live cleanly and how to win back their self respect and pride. Also how to manage on their incomes before they move out (the rents and fares are usually much higher than they are used to paying). I say, do this before they move out because it can be heartbreaking for a family who are genuinely trying to make a 'go' of things to get someone next to them who is dirty or doesn't bother with the garden. You'll often find that they, too, will neglect their garden.

As an afterthought to chew on, in this district in May the Labour councillor was defeated and a Tory returned. Isn't there a message here somewhere?

T. S. SOMERVILLE

19 Howat Street
Liverpool 6

SIR – In her article 'Twilight in Liverpool' published in the NEW STATESMAN of 13 August, Miss Audrey Harvey wrote: 'The biggest slum owner in Liverpool, as in Paddington, is the Church'. This allegation, if intended to refer to the Church of England, is entirely incorrect. The Liverpool Diocesan Board of Finance does not own any residential property in Liverpool, and very few houses are owned by the parishes. The Church Commissioners have no residential property in Liverpool at all and do not own slum property in Paddington.

R. J. A. HORNBY
Chief Information Officer
Church House

[*Audrey Harvey writes*: I am sorry about this. I was passing on what I believed to be a statement of irrefutable fact given to me by an impeccable authority. The question I asked in Liverpool was, 'who is Liverpool's biggest slum landlord?' The answer, which I wrote down at the time, was 'since the death of Lord Derby, the Church.' It appears that I have been misinformed and I unreservedly withdraw and apologise. As to Paddington, I am glad to know that the Church has got rid of its undesirable property.—Ed., N.S.]

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Haggard Still Riding

V. S. PRITCHETT

Very rarely, when I was young, do I seem to have had healthy tastes in literature. Mason, Weyman, Buchan, Rider Haggard passed me by. I was afflicted by a morbid interest in the adult and detested those sunny, athletic and strenuous leader-types who are supposed to be the schoolboys' natural provender. It is only this week, when my duties have obliged me to read Mr Morton Cohen's careful and sympathetic life of Rider Haggard*, that I have taken my first plunge into the choking verbiage of *King Solomon's Mines* and *She*, and I am past the age when I can bring to works of this kind the elation of a chaste and hero-worshipping sensibility. What ought to scare me simply makes me laugh. How can people who admire Stevenson, as I do, think anything of *King Solomon's Mines*?

An initiator of the revival of Romance in late Victorian times, his work deliriously received, Rider Haggard never understood why he did not rank with Stevenson, Meredith, Henry James and, shall we add? Falkner, the author of *Moonfleet*, Kipling, who was his great friend, or Joseph Conrad. Today he would find his place among the gaudier historical or horror films or among the new school of science fiction writers. Like many popular best-sellers, he was a very sad and solemn man who took himself too seriously and his art not seriously enough. The fact is that he was a phenomenon before he was a novelist: other novelists are content to be simply themselves, Rider Haggard was his public.

To be identified with the public is the divine gift of the best-sellers in popular Romance and, no doubt, in popular realism. Mr E. M. Forster once spoke of the novelist sending down a bucket into the unconscious; the author of *She* installed a suction pump. He drained the whole reservoir of the public's secret desires. Critics speak of the reader suspending unbelief; the best-seller knows better; man is a believing animal. So, in the age of religious doubt, Rider Haggard tapped the mystical hankerings after reincarnation, immortality, eternal youth, psychic phenomena. He tracked down priestesses and gods. So, in a peaceful age, he drew on preoccupations with slaughter; and, in an empire-building age, on fantasies of absolute, spiritual rule in secret cities. His triumph – though it baffled him – was in the creation of *She*. The journey into mysterious Kôr comes flawlessly out of the agonies of sexual anxiety; Ayesha herself is an identifiable myth or rather a clutter of myths: everything from Jung's Anima, the White Goddess, *la belle dame sans merci*, down to the New Woman or, as Henley said, 'the heroic Barmaid, the Waitress in Apotheosis'.

But the remarkable visions of Rider Haggard would have got him nowhere without three other qualities. One of these cannot be praised enough: he is a constantly inventive story-teller. The other two, paradoxically, support it: his stories are so tall that only bad grammar and slipshod and even vulgar writing can get him round the difficulty; and he dare not go in for more than pasteboard character. Anything in the nature of a human being would stand in the way. Look at Stevenson and one sees the enormous difference. Finally, Haggard has the enviable gift (common to many writers of popular Romance) of pouring it all out in a great gush in a few weeks. He has the confessional form of genius. He never corrected a line.

Rider Haggard was one of the sons of an explosive and eccentric Norfolk squire who was feared by his family and his tenantry. The boy was backward and considered to be such a fool that he was given a poorer education than his brothers had had. He was subject to extreme fears. He was devoted for years to a doll. One of the odd traits that remained with him all his life, was a childish mannerism of speech. He pronounced his 'r's' as 'w's' and always said 'v' for 'th'. A phrase like 'a very thorough rogue' (Mr Cohen says) would become 'a vewy fowough wogue'. But if he was the fool of the family, the family had a firm sense of its social privileges. The Squire got the youth on to Bulwer's staff when he was sent out to be Governor of Natal.

The experience transformed him. In a very short time, emancipation from his father, the shock of Africa and a taste of responsibility, woke up the sleeping mind. He had arrived at the birth of an empire. It was he who 'planted the flag' in the Transvaal; it was he who worked with those who were putting order into the ramshackle legal system of the Boers. Above all he admired the Zulus and got to know them intimately. He hunted, he travelled and explored, and he listened to legends. He must certainly have heard of Zimbabwe, the prehistoric city of stone; and although later he denied that he had heard tales of the white woman ruler of the Lovedu tribe in the Transvaal, he travelled close to their country and the customs of the Lovedu closely resemble Ayesha's Armahaggers.

By this time Haggard had become a collector both of facts and of objects, a habit that led him, later on in life, to write an excellent documentary work on rural England. It also led him to turn his house in Norfolk into a grotesque and oppressive African museum. This collecting habit has an important bearing on his visions: they are a sort of dramatised ragbag. Nothing impresses so much – if we are spiritually at sea – as the spiritual furniture depository; it protects us from the pain of selecting and deciding. In Haggard's time, collecting offered the pleasures of colonising spiritually; his antiquarianism was a religion in itself.

Haggard's mind was almost totally serious. His humour, always uncertain, is clumsy and vulgar. Midway in his African adventure, he received an emotional shock from which he did not perhaps care to recover. He was jilted by a beautiful girl. *She* may have owed something to this disaster. And when he returned to England and married again and, tragically, was to lose his son, one notices that Haggard is one of those men who harden over and do not recover from blows. Still later on in life he became explosive and irritable. The Haggards had loud voices; they were said in Norfolk to be able to 'chat across a field'. It is not a bad description of his manner as a novelist. He wrote to be heard a long way off.

So the impression one has is of a tall, handsome, bearded, wounded egotist, unable to stand criticism of any kind and who carries his secret sorrows rather histrionically. The tough man with the sorrow about which he will not speak, is his characteristic narrator; and, once more, one recalls how much the creative impulse of the best-sellers depends upon self-pity. It is an emotion of great dramatic potential. He had a good deal of pride and he accepted its burdens. The result of the enormous success of the booby of the family was that he had to rescue his brothers or their families from the financial messes they had got into. They did not demean themselves by showing much gratitude for the extraordinary generosity of the man who had been dismissed by his father as 'a greengrocer' and a contemptible 'penny-a-liner'.

The blood lust and the moralisings are the worst things in the Haggard novels; the dramatic invention – the old witch crushed by the closing stone door in the cave, the sight of the mummified explorer in *King Solomon's Mines* – is marvellous and so also is the first vision of the mountains, although in description he is usually better in local detail than in the set-piece. The sunbeam that lights the plank when Ayesha, Leo and the narrator are crossing the precipice in *She* is a brilliant stroke; and the account of the sinking of the dhow and the ride through the breakers in the same book is admirable. A collector in everything, Haggard had the art of piling it on. It is an art. His flow is molten, burning from one event to the next. And although we have to stress the triumphantly naive part played by his unconscious we have to repeat that he was a voracious and intelligent observer. His two serious works, on English farming and the political issues in Africa, show him to be capable of the serious historical document. On one plane, the very great writers and the popular romancers of the lower order always meet. They use all of themselves, helplessly, unselectively. They are above the primness and good taste of declining to give themselves away.

Mr Cohen has many interesting critical comments on Haggard's work and

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

especially on the celebrated problem of the significance of 'She-who-must-be-obeyed' and of the journey through swamps and down tunnels into Kôr and the mystic presence. He follows the hint of Mario Praz and thinks Ayesha to be the type of exotic *femme fatale* who appears in Victorian literature with the decline of the hero: the heartless beauty, pitiless, cold, a close relation of Wilde's Salome – or Henley's terrifying barmaid. She is, in Haggard's account, more male than female; I am inclined to call her *He* but – as James Thurber once said about a grand piano – with breasts.

Ayesha is undoubtedly a disturbing figure and, I think, because she is a compendium. Soon after the book was published, Haggard added to the confusion of her character by comments of his own. It is his misfortune that his compelling imagination could create a creature of primitive and overmastering passion and savage jealousy and, yet at the same time, apply the most trite Victorian moralisations to her case:

> I saw him struggle – I saw him even turn to fly; but her eyes drew him more strongly than iron bands, and the magic of her beauty and concentrated will and passion entered into him and overpowered him – ay, even there in the presence of the body of the woman who had loved him well enough to die for him. It sounds horrible and wicked enough, but he should not be too greatly blamed, and be sure his sins will find him out.

And there is a curious suggestion, somewhat coarsely made, that if the love of the temptress is evil, many men have found respectable marriage to be hell. Haggard's rhetoric sounds like the kind that is clumsily covering up.

One is led to speculate on the inner life of a generation that responded eagerly to his allegory, to the fantasies of masochistic travel, to those precipitous mountain walls, those caverns, tunnels, caves and tombs, and all the bloodshed. And who liked to have it all dressed up in prose that is at one moment all baccy and Norfolk tweed and, the next, Liberace's trousers. Yet his African books represent a real response by a most suggestible man to African legend, which – as we have seen recently in the works of Amos Tutuola – is far bloodier than anything Haggard put down.

Mr Morton Cohen indeed argues that his books may find a place in an African, as distinct from an English, tradition. He compares Haggard with Fenimore Cooper, pointing out the distinction that Haggard was writing for a people with a future. 'When they assert their independence and rule once more in their native lands Haggard's Zulu saga may come into its own. For he captures in it a clear, engaging picture of Zulu life and comes to terms with the turbulent Zulu spirit.' He is writing especially of *Nada the Lily*. I have not read it but if, in that work, he completely freed himself of Norfolk, then I can see that the speculation is an interesting one. He had in his impure imagination something powerfully accessive.

Ruler and Ruled

Let freedom be
The object of all government,
And each degree
Both sub- and super-servient:
In true equality
The people are the president.

A settled life,
The object of democracy,
Forbids the strife
Inherent in a tyranny:
The happy man and wife
Enjoy a mutual liberty.

And as for love,
The object of all amity,
Let each disprove
The tenets of conformity
Yet constantly improve
His practice of community.

And so may we,
The subject of this argument,
Triumphantly
Avoid a subject's discontent
Yet conquer anarchy:
We people and we president.

JULIAN MITCHELL

No Place Like Rome

A Time in Rome. By ELIZABETH BOWEN. *Longmans.* 21*s*

Rome Revealed. By AUBREY MENEN. *Thames & Hudson.* 84*s*.

Rome. Photographs by R. S. MAGOWAN. Introduction by RICHARD ALDINGTON. *Spring Books.* 15*s*.

Rome. *Muller: Nagel.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Except for Arthur Hugh Clough, who found it 'rubbishy', most visitors to Rome seem to start as pilgrims and end as travel-bores. So manifold a city invites manifold interpretation: there's always another book that demands to be written, because no one has yet expressed the Rome of one's own experience. Mine, for what it's worth, is the true travel-bore's medley of old and new. Sore-footed apartment-hunting amid new concrete blocks on Via Salaria; the crackle of parchment in the Vatican Library; political scandal in the press-club bar; scrawled Roman menus, all *gnocchi* and *osso buco;* the hair-dryer hum of the lifts in the Senate building; sundown in Piazza Navona, with the peeling orange stucco turning from ochre to brown; *varietà* at the cinema, Verdi at the Baths of Caracalla; the motor-scooters, the lottery-salesmen, the limp damp laundry, the evening smell of cheese and coffee; the green trams and taxis; the flower-stalls; the wine-shops; the raucous television; the tourists; the oranges growing in the sun.

One of the virtues of Elizabeth Bowen's book is that it avoids the temptations of such a catalogue, but nevertheless brings Rome to life from the very first sentence, in the silence of a hotel bedroom on the first afternoon – just arrived, with three months' baggage. One's there at once, tired and a little lonely, then going out later into the darkness to find a solitary meal and get one's bearings with the map. In Miss Bowen's novels, I've always most admired her awareness of place and situation, her extraordinary ability to communicate sentient experience –

not events, not even feelings, but apprehended atmosphere. So it is in *A Time in Rome*. She writes – naively, one might think, if unaware of her purpose – of the simple questions to begin with: finding the way, using the map, seeking the Seven Hills. Her approach is deliberately that of the conscientious visitor, there to find out. But her insight is quite a different matter, and her pen is piercingly vivid. She has not merely done her homework with the history-books: she has walked with Augustus Hare, and found walks he never knew; she has felt and pondered and absorbed.

At one point she describes her own writing as 'scribblings on the margins' of her guidebook; and in fact a great deal of it is concerned with Ancient Rome and the Forum, to which she supplies a first-rate summary guide of her own. Those who prefer to leave the ruins to the Latin masters may not follow her here, and will probably share her own regret that the Farnese Gardens have been vandalised by the archaeologists. They may feel, as I do, that medieval Rome deserves fuller treatment, and modern Rome greater sympathy, than there's space for after so much classical musing. They may have read Cellini's autobiography, as well as Trevelyan's *Garibaldi*, and so become impatient with Miss Bowen's summaries. But whatever the minor criticisms, *A Time in Rome* remains a major achievement: a fresh, sensitive, and endlessly evocative memoir, fit to rank at least with Eleanor Clark and Augustus Hare as required reading for any prospective visitor and a rich source of nostalgia for those no longer there.

Rome Revealed is a sumptuous luxury volume, elegantly printed on pale brown paper, with 151 vast plates in colour and in black-and-white. Visually, it makes a splendid counterpart to Miss Bowen's volume. Why is it, then, that the portrait of Rome emerging from it seems – to me at least – so much less revealing? Part of the answer lies in the text which accompanies these marvels of photography. Unlike Miss Bowen, Aubrey Menen has not been content to play a simple part. True, he writes with much greater simplicity: here are no breathless dashes, no trailing *points de suspension*, no elegant (or infuriating) inversions of subject and verb. Mr Menen's prose would do very nicely for a daily newspaper. It is simple, and clear, and direct. Its only fault is its habit of beginning sentences with words like 'For' and 'Now', which suggest condescension – a suspicion confirmed by Mr Menen's habit of producing, with a theatrical flourish, 'revelations' (like the fraudulence of the Donation of Constantine) which are often stale news. The plan of his essay, however, is promising: it takes the various stages of Rome's history one by one, stratum by stratum, and corrects many misconceptions; finally, it includes a chapter on the new, De Sica Rome, which most travel-writers have ignored. Had Mr Menen written a little less smugly, this volume would be a treasure. As it is, the illustrations save it – great blazing colour reproductions and, even better, sharp dramatic photographs, that bring buildings and statues and pictures, sunlight and deep shade, right here before one in a way that they could never be seen on the spot. The majority, and the best, of the photographs are by Georgina Masson, herself an able writer and biographer of Frederick II.

The quality of Miss Masson's photographs can most vividly be appreciated by comparing her picture of a figure on the Trevi fountain with an almost identical view in Mr Magowan's book. How much greyer, how much less solid, is the stone figure, how much less wet the water, how much less luminous the light. Part of the fault may well be in the reproduction: the book was printed in Czechoslovakia. Perhaps this accounts for its astonishingly low price. Its 160 pages are a parade of streets, monuments, and people, with sometimes facetious captions in apparently impeccable French and German as well as English. The introduction, by Richard Aldington, is brief but adequate, and an index identifies the plates. The best, to my mind, are those of the Forum: the worst, those of countless women walking away from the camera in ample skirts.

But when all's said and done, even the finest photographs can only give reminders of Rome, clues to experience of a city that comes through all the senses, not merely the eyes. One can photograph London, grey and smoky, or, Paris, grey and silver: Rome eludes the camera, even the movie camera. Even a writer of Miss Bowen's ability can't grasp it all. So one's forced back to the unambitious schematism of the guidebook. Nagel's is no substitute for that of the Touring Club Italiano; but for its pocket size it's surprisingly informative – except on restaurant prices. Its itineraries are clear and helpful: only its feeble drawings recall the strictures of Arthur Hugh Clough.

RICHARD MAYNE

Choosing Partners

Marriage: East and West. By DAVID and VERA MACE. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 30s.

A book explaining the Western concepts of marriage and their practical working out to the East, and its corollary, explaining the Eastern concept to the West, would have been useful and timely. This is probably the book which Dr and Mrs Mace set out to write, inspired by Indian, Indonesian and Japanese friendships, and realising what a peculiar idea of Western romanticism comes over in Calcutta or Singapore, from a combination of Hollywood and the Kinsey Report.

That is to say, this is a thoroughly well-meaning book. But it loses itself in quotations and particular cases. The Maces try to bring in all the authorities, or at least all the fairly short ones; they haven't tackled Briffault. And the attempt to explain West to East peters out. Just as well, since by West the Maces for some reason only consider the modern American pattern (not that the Americans one knows conform to it, but if Kinsey says so . . . though, since reading Kinsey I have hardly been able to milk a cow without blushing). In spite of the Six and the Seven, patterns of marriage are quite different in France, in Italy and in Denmark, for example, and I suppose all three count as West, not to speak of the poor old British professional classes, who dowdily stick to the same car, the same fridge and even the same husband or wife for years at a time.

I think perhaps most of us know the traditional marriage patterns of the East, and even keep those of Hindu India and those of Japan more separate in our minds than the Maces do. Few of us will be in a hurry to censure the non-consummated child marriage or the arranged marriage; we begin to realise what an expense of spirit they save, and how the

"JOHN LODWICK was in his early forties when he was killed in a car crash near Barcelona last year, but he had lived a very full life. During the war he was in the French Foreign Legion, the British Commandos and 16 prisons.

Afterwards he wrote at least a novel a year and found time for an account of his war and a life of Gulbenkian.

Strangely enough, though he wrote 20 books, he never quite found himself as a writer, nor was he even financially very successful.

He deserved to be a best-seller, but never quite made it. He deserved good notices, but too often there was a note of condescension in them.

I am sorry that he could not have lived to read the reviews of his last book, The Asparagus Trench. This 80-page fragment of autobiography found among his papers after his death seems to me the best thing he ever wrote.

It is a wholly loving and probably larger than life portrait of his grandfather, who was then 99, as seen by Lodwick at the age of 12 . . .

. . . The old man was a tyrant. He had driven all his children away but had all the fascination of an ancient monument and he deserves to rank beside Nancy Mitford's "Uncle Matthew" among the great English eccentrics.

In addition Lodwick gives some account of his school leisure-time activities—his gang warfare with others, plots to dig mines, nobbling opposition Rugger sides with aperients and crawling through drain-pipes.

There are some passages of the book that are over-written almost to the point of incomprehensibility. No doubt these would have been fined down on revision. None the less I commend to you this autobiographical beginning that was in fact an ending."

David Holloway, News Chronicle

JOHN LODWICK'S

THE ASPARAGUS TRENCH

12/6 HEINEMANN

admirable feelings of independence and enquiry can be channelled off with more profit to the world and perhaps to the human soul, if they are not distracted by years of falling into and out of love. Equally, we realise that it can't be done here.

It is curious that Dr and Mrs Mace accept the Father-religion pattern, with the dominance of the male as 'leader and initiator'. But of course the accepted western religion is one of these Father religions, and the churches still keep their teeth well into organised sex.

One sometimes, in one's silly way, asks oneself how things would be if a Mother religion had happened to be the official one. To us, as we are now conditioned, the logical concomitants would be very shocking, no doubt, but might lead to an equally stable (or should we say equally unstable?) state of society.

It is a pity they didn't see fit to tackle the Islamic ideas of marriage, especially as they have influenced India so much; it is fascinating to watch them breaking down in West Africa where women have always been the traders and money-makers. One can scarcely hop over to India without touching down at Karachi. It would have been interesting, too, to discuss the impact of birth control. There is a poster in India which shows a happy and prosperous two-child family, and a miserable, poor, many-child family. So long as the Indian reaction to this is to say: 'Yes, what a nice home that couple has, but poor things, they have only two children!' it is difficult to get far with contraceptive propaganda.

Again, Dr and Mrs Mace take it for granted that polygamy is a Bad Thing. Properly arranged, there is surely much to be said for it. Think of always having a baby-sitter or someone to keep an eye on the saucepans! A single wife has often far too much to do and when men get their 24-hour week or whatever it is they are currently asking for, the contrast will be worse. In a well-run West African home the babies have a constant sense of security, knowing they can run into the house of any one of their mothers. Like other arrangements, it is open to abuse. But what isn't? I don't think the Maces ever came across any Asian polyandrists, though they exist. That really would give scope for marriage counselling!

NAOMI MITCHISON

Betsy Sheridan's Journal

EDITED BY WILLIAM LEFANU

These sparkling journal-letters from the playwright's younger sister give a most lively picture of the 18th century's 'respectable Bohemia' of actors, artists and writers. They have never before been printed at length. 8 plates, 30s.

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Richard Church: 'Her pen portraits are made with a distinction that puts this journal in the gallery of the eighteenth cenutry along with Boswell.'

Time & Tide: 'Edited with exemplary discretion: illustrated most attractively.'

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Hard Symbolic Bones

Yeats's Iconography. By F. A. C. WILSON. *Gollancz.* 30s.

In 1958, Dr Wilson's *W. B. Yeats and the Tradition* had a very mixed reception. It hurt the vanity of many admirers of the great Irish poet by suggesting that they had been praising and enjoying poems of whose real and deep meaning they had the sketchiest inkling. It seemed, also, to base the value of Yeats's work mainly on its efficiency as a vehicle for the symbolic communication of eclectic religious doctrines, of a predominantly neo-Platonic kind. In doing so, it seemed to minimise the extent to which Yeats's poetry draws its power, as Byron's does, from the force and sincerity with which it expresses his personal responses to, say, love, friendship, sexual frustration, Irish history, the dramatisation of a very exciting life-story; it seemed to minimise also the degree to which the rhetorical force of Yeats's poems comes from the tug and conflict, the violent clash, of opposing forces in himself rather than from their easy resolution on a mystical or metaphysical plane. Dr Wilson failed to see that what makes a poet great is not the raw material he uses – and the sublimest doctrine, or the most profound intuition, is only raw material, until the poet has made poetry out of it – but the poet's shaping of the raw material, his human and emotional response to it, his skill in making it an element in an art-work. Jungians can find as many powerful archetypal patterns in a cheap thriller as in a great poem; and there is as much true doctrine, from a Christian point of view, anywhere in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* as in George Herbert. Archetypal patterns and approved doctrines cannot, therefore, be the defining elements that distinguish art from non-art, poetry from non-poetry; nor can what a poet 'says', in distinction from what he 'does', ever be what makes him great.

That first book, nevertheless, was a very useful book. Yeats criticism is still at the stage of Shakespeare criticism, before Stevens and Malone, say, had seriously got to work on the sources. And it is as an annotator that Dr Wilson is brilliant. His second book, I think, will win a much wider critical acceptance than his first. He still sees Yeats as the spokesman of an underground 'subjective' tradition of religion, which he feels to be much truer and more satisfying than the orthodox 'objective' tradition of Christianity. I suppose he would also, and logically, find it much more true and satisfying than Western science, which is in a sense the child of Christianity; for if Newton, for instance, had not so firmly believed in an external God, he would not have so firmly believed in, and mapped out, an external universe. Christianity, as William Temple, I think, pointed out, is a very materialist religion. Yeats's religion was the religion of the Self, seeing the outer world as illusory, and the divine as within the Self. The fact that Dr Wilson agrees with Yeats about this has enabled him to explore Yeats's sources with an enthusiastic verve and energy. I found that he was not only illuminating Yeats's *Plays for Dancers* for me, but almost converting me to a new religion.

That one is not quite converted in the end may be due to the fact that one is born out of phase, or lumpish and imperfect as 'objective' types tend to be in Yeats's system, or too much concerned, in a phrase from Yeats's own notes to *Calvary*, with 'those whose suffering is rooted in death, in poverty, in sickness, or in sin, or in some shape of the common lot.' What Yeats's religion could rescue men from is 'that intellectual despair that lay beyond [Christ's] sympathy.' Mr Wilson's own sympathy with Yeats's moments of 'intellectual despair' makes the essays on *At the Hawk's Well* and *The Only Jealousy of Emer*, in particular, brilliant. This is a book which has enormously extended my understanding of Yeats's dance plays, about which I had hitherto, in spite of a direct acquaintance with the Noh and some understanding of Buddhism, been very obtuse. I feel certain that the deep layers of meaning it discloses (for instance, the serious thesis about history underlying the farcical *The Cat and the Moon*) are really there. It is a book that lovers of Yeats can hardly be without, and, in addition to its brilliant source-hunting and pattern-seeking, its occasional purely critical remarks, about diction, rhythm, the total effect of plays or poems, strike me as just and sensitive. I recommend it highly, with the warning that it might alter a sufficiently receptive reader's whole attitude to life.

G. S. FRASER

Kremlin-Gazing

To Moscow—and Beyond. By HARRISON E. SALISBURY. *Joseph.* 25s.

Inside the Khrushchev Era. By GIUSEPPE BOFFA. *Allen & Unwin.* 25s.

Destination Moscow. By GEORGE MAIR. *Jenkins.* 21s.

Every age has its own Black Magic. In the middle ages it was astrology; in the nineteenth century it was biology; now it is Sovietology – the science of proving that Mr Krushchev's latest incomprehensible move was bound to happen and was, in fact, predicted by the Sovietologist in question only last week. Fortunately, neither Mr Salisbury nor Mr Boffa is in this sense a Sovietologist. They are both first-class newspaper men. One of them is an American liberal, sympathetic to the Soviet Union; the other an Italian communist sympathetic to the West. Both their books are readable, intelligent, and extremely important – though for very different reasons.

Mr Salisbury was the Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times* from 1949 to 1954 - during the worst period of Stalin's rule, and the beginning of the thaw. For five years he was unable to visit the Soviet Union. Then, in 1959, he returned and travelled nearly 30,000 miles there. This book is the result of his travels. It must be the best eye-witness account yet published of Krushchev's Russia. Mr Salisbury has a reporter's eye for significant detail; and he writes, on occasion, like a poet. His description of the possible fate of a monster emerald he once saw in a Moscow store could almost have come from the pages of *Crime and Punishment* – and is,

at the same time, a superb imaginative illustration of the class system of the Soviet Union. He is no sentimentalist, although he loves the Russian people. He knows, for example, that Russian anti-semitism began before Stalin was heard of, and has not disappeared with Stalin's death. (Indeed, Mr Krushchev may well share it.) No Jew, he points out, has risen to high party rank under Krushchev; and even now, Jews have fewer opportunities of practising their religion than the members of other faiths. The repudiation of the Doctors' Plot, he suggests, was unpopular. In 1953, just after the plot was exposed as a frame-up, his taxi driver told him bitterly: 'Those *svoloch*! They got away with it this time. But their day will come. We will get those yids!'

Even so, Mr Salisbury is optimistic. Mother Russia, he believes, is stronger than her rulers – stronger even than their Communist faith. The terror and bloodshed of Stalinism were an aberration from the stream of Russian history. Now the stream is returning to its proper course; the Russian people – especially the students and artists – are picking up where their grandfathers left off, in 1917. The police state still barks: but its teeth have begun to fall out. Russians are no longer terrified of contact with a foreigner. More important, they are no longer afraid of each other. The day of the anonymous denunciation and the amateur police spy is over. The secret police have been tamed. The forced labour camps have been closed: and their former inmates – people who, almost by definition, do not scare easily – have returned to play an important part in Soviet life. Above all, a new generation is growing up which cannot remember the evil days of Stalin; which takes its present comparative freedom for granted; and which, for that very reason, will demand even more than it has already been given. Whatever may happen for the next five or ten years, Mr Salisbury implies, the shape of the next 20 or 30 will be determined by that new generation.

The new generation wants peace, and an understanding with the United States. More compelling still, the Soviet Union will soon *need* an understanding with the United States – if only to protect herself against China. For Mr Salisbury's approach to world politics is fundamentally an old-fashioned one. In tones strangely reminiscent of President de Gaulle (if not of Kaiser Wilhelm II) he depicts a Soviet Union thrown into the arms of the West by the yellow peril on the Yangtse. This is a comforting prediction – so comforting that one wonders if it can really be true. Russia and China may, indeed, fall out. But are their quarrels likely to damage the appeal of Communism in the uncommitted world? And if they do not, will the West really be able to sleep more easily? Mr Boffa unintentionally reveals part of the answer. Unintentionally; for the real interest of his book lies, not in the subject but in the author himself. Mr Boffa knows the Soviet Union as well as Mr Salisbury does. He writes with as much sensitivity and skill. But his is a Soviet Union without warts. True, there are occasional blemishes on the skin. But they were put there by Beria; and in any case, they are not really warts – hardly even nettlerash. Why? The answer is, of course, because Mr Boffa is a Communist. But why is Mr Boffa a Communist? Why should a sensitive, humane Italian who was in a position to see the defects of Soviet society at first hand remain in the Communist party? Part of the answer is the dynamism and excitement of Soviet economic expansion, which Mr Salisbury and Mr Boffa both describe so lyrically. But the greater part of the answer must surely lie in the nature of Italian society. This is the real challenge to the West. Until it has been answered, Mr Salisbury's optimism is out of place.

It was unfortunate for Mr George Mair that his harmless little travel book should have been published at the same time as those of Mr Salisbury and Mr Boffa. There is no harm in his pleasant little account of a tourist trip to Moscow – but not much point either.

DAVID MARQUAND

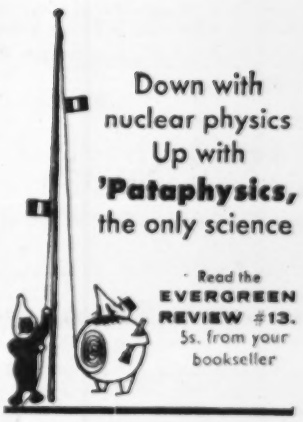
Journal of a Silent Man

Stroke. By DOUGLAS RITCHIE. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

At the age of 50, in May 1955, Douglas Ritchie – then Head of Publicity at the BBC – had a severe cerebral thrombosis. He survived the stroke, but it left him completely paralysed on the right side (no life in arm, hand, leg or foot) and for a long time unable to speak or write. If he did produce a spoken or written word, it was often ludicrously wrong: *yes* for *no*, in effect, or *good* for *bad*. What the onlooker could not tell, and what this book absorbingly describes in its course, is how his *mind* was working behind the language block.

The journal-records of the months that followed (reluctant stages from bed to chair to Rehabilitation Centre) recall a frequent and compulsive literary nightmare of the nineteenth century in which an adult had the sinister experience of turning into an infant while keeping his adult sensibilities. And indeed, as the invalid watched, he could see how absurdly childlike his own reactions were: his fears and angers and hopeful desire for praise. The situation was peculiarly ironic. As he presents himself, the author was neither an optimist nor an extrovert, and his new role required him to be both. He had never cared for physical activity, walking or playing games; now a kind of kindergarten therapy filled his day. Independence was one of his obsessions – and he could do almost nothing for himself. He had always concealed his affections, even where they were most strong, under a sarcastic reserve; now, when he wished, he could not show gratitude or thanks. Inevitably, he suffered too from guilt. Had he secretly wished this thing on himself? Was it a punishment, and for what? Many of us may see in the complexities of this character (as we do not in the airman's intrepidities, for instance) a fleeting mirror image of ourselves. The dilemma could be our own.

Douglas Ritchie was extraordinarily fortunate in his family; his wife's part in the tale, above all, can scarcely be imagined. Even so, the journey out of incapacity was essentially a solitary one. But when progress is by inches, language, movement, persons (fellow patients, doctors and friends) and the scene itself appear in a startling new perspective; the prison has, in fact, produced the book. The details that it gives, the facts, discoveries and answered queries will make it valuable reading to anyone in a like position to the author's; he would have welcomed such a document himself. But it is also a work in its own right. You will not find in it that form of frequently-cited 'cheerful courage' that is too often, one may suspect, a defensive or sentimental creation of the non-afflicted. What it has is something better – an exhilarating



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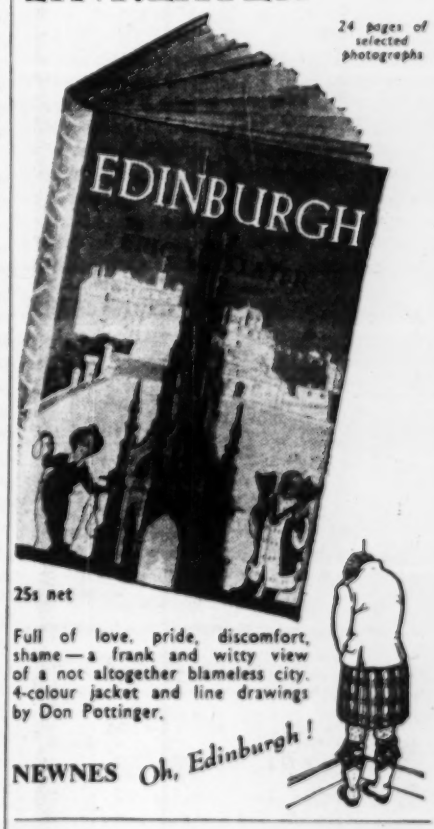

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NEWNES *Oh, Edinburgh!*

honesty, and also a quality of presentation which shows that the author found a new and original gift while searching to recover the old ones he had lost.

NAOMI LEWIS

New Novels

Palace of the Peacock. By WILSON HARRIS. *Faber.* 15*s.*

The Luck of Ginger Coffey. By BRIAN MOORE. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*

There was a Fair Maid Dwelling. By R. F. DELDERFIELD. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 18*s.*

Steady, Boys, Steady. By JAMES MITCHELL. *Davies.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Mr Harris makes me feel cloddish and insensitive. He's taken a Christian-Creation sequence of seven days and piled it round with enough complex archetypes to keep a myth-critic busy for life. On one level the setting is the savannahs and forests of British Guiana; on another the inscape of Donne, an educated atavist leading an expedition to the interior. Why *Donne*? I don't know; but the poet of that name is drawn upon for the epigraph to Book III. At any rate, Donne has a mistress, Mariella, whom in my own tentative way I suppose to be related to the White Goddess, the Earth Mother and the like. Much of the book is taken up with perilous river-trips by means of which Donne's dwindling company finally reach the Palace of the Peacock which contains a young carpenter and a crib. At least I think it does, for I never quite know what's going on in this novel. As one of the characters says, 'Is a risk everyman tekking in this bush'. Its claustrophobic density reminds me of *The Emperor Jones;* but Mr Harris has an abstract rhetoric all of his own, and he wraps it like glass wool round the often vigorous talk of the characters. He also works to death the words 'dreaming' and 'musing'; but no repeated motif could guide us through a texture so muddy and a structure so daedal.

And yet, having confessed that this short fable maddens and baffles me, I must applaud stretches of pared, articulate narrative, the lilt of many rhetorically oblique conversations, and the authentic portrayal of a forest people who use surnames only – no frills in the lush mazes of vegetation. This is a religious, violent, often private piece of writing, in places appallingly turgid but in others virile, disciplined and vivid. Mr Harris is a fertile writer; having got this farrago out of his system he should now aim at steadiness, and learn to apply the knife.

Mr Moore's third novel traces the decline and fall in Montreal of Ginger Coffey, an Irishman newly arrived in Canada with a two-timing wife and a contemptuous daughter of 14. The older Ginger gets, the more he shirks the responsibilities and humiliations of breadwinning. All new Canadians, he gathers, should spiritually be boys of 20; he is 40. But he presses on, combining two menial jobs for the sake of extra jack to please the wife. But she leaves with the daughter; Ginger twice bashes the cuckolder, then regains the daughter whose association with delinquents eventually compels her mother home again. All the same, you have to hit bottom before bouncing back; and Ginger is pinched for making water in the doorway of the Royal Family Hotel. From now on he resigns himself to humble acquiescence.

I found this a rich, distinguished book. Ginger, failed BA, slogging away at delivering diapers and reading newspaper proofs, epitomises a sleepwalking stoicism one has spotted many times in the new Canadian: Samarkand is seen to be sordid, shallow and uncivil; the lost dream produces, as in Ginger, vengeful private ranting, pathetic cravings to explain oneself and equally pathetic delight at having one's opinion sought. The world, Old or New, owes Ginger nothing; but he's still feckless, warm and spry. His only chum is Michel, the boy from upstairs; his only way out is a put-up adultery with a tart called Melody Ward; his only insight into the psyche of the promised land is Wilson the bodybuilder; 'Built myself up from a runt to a Mr Junior Honourable Mention.' His only good idea – 'Rent-a-Crib' – he despises, but it sends the boss of his diaper firm into a financial orgasm. Mr Moore is harsh on Canada, and rightly. When Ginger doffs his Tyrolean hat, hacking jacket and suede shoes for a uniform and military cap emblazoned with 'Tiny Ones', something wicked has happened. An individual has vanished and Mammon's errand-boy appears, convinced that without abundant money there is no love or dignity. Ginger's fall, from happy-go-lucky to lick-spittle, his resurgence from self-pity to self-denial, teaches both him and his wife a severe lesson; one which derives from resilience of spirit reproving a childish society. Mr Moore makes this point sharply in what is so far his most alertly written, most mordant dialogue on dangerous innocence and the sources of pride.

At leisurely, landscape-studying pace Mr Delderfield tells how John Leigh, an impecunious young journalist, becomes and remains infatuated with Diana Gaylorde-Sutton, the pampered only offspring of a stockbroking member of the Devon squirearchy. Mr Delderfield's touch is firm and his evocation of a cant-ridden rural milieu diligently accurate. Once he's followed John's development from awe of Diana to a more masterful role, he reverses things. John, narrating in the first person and vaguely anticipating Diana's inevitable graduation into brittle rich-bitchery, tries not to think, but only thinks to excess. Mr Delderfield vividly exposes his torment and her eventual chastening. Once past the awful title I read this novel with steady pleasure. Constantly thoughtful, full of knowledge and fluently written, it rejects an uplift ending at the last moment – for reasons befitting the mature approach of the whole.

Steady, Boys, Steady is a well-written romp about Geordie Willis's escapades in the Royal Naval Commando. After Spartan training in Scotland he scrapes his gauche, generous way through landings at Dieppe, in North Africa and Italy, stopping the narrative just before Anzio. Mr Mitchell's idea is to exploit the mad comedy of war, and he sets in motion as libidinous, thieving, resourceful and integrated a band of charlies as ever swiped stores, ruined barmaids and yet preserved an unsteady heroism sufficient to hell's chosen days. Their talisman is Geordie's oil nude of Mrs McGlasham, a Scottish Lilith of unprecedented mammary development – but also Geordie's virginity, eventually lost after watching *Tosca* in Naples. This is a book of outrageous, impure fun; eclectic but, oddly enough, faithful to a general attitude which prefers to recall of Armageddon only the farce, the skyving, the matiness, and snatched chances of the old kneetrembler.

PAUL WEST

Man of Parts

The Great Impostor. By ROBERT CRICHTON. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Belle Out of Order. By BELLE LIVINGSTONE. *Heinemann* 21*s.*

Our Last Family Countess. By ANTONIO BAROLINI. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Most biographies of the living are so all-of-a-piece and cemented with habit that we take their reality, with a yawn, for granted; and it needs a book like *The Great Impostor* to sweep these idols off the shelf and bring us back to a live sense of personality. Ferdinand Waldo Demara had, and still has, not one career but a dozen: surgeon-lieutenant, prison reformer, Dean of Philosophy, Doctor of Biology, Trappist monk, accountant. Careers grow from him like flowers; pinch one away, another will sprout elsewhere.

Sometimes, as when he introduces enlightenment into a Texan prison no better than a zoo for the tough and insane, it seems he has at last found himself, that this gentle husky educated by experience must come out on humanity's side. But then his past overtakes him. Not that he isn't doing this prison-reform job superlatively well. It just happens that one of the wild humans under his care, encouraged to study, comes on an old photograph on the front cover of *Life*: credentials had been faked, as they had been in his earlier professions, for most of which he was less well-equipped. When he was surgeon-lieutenant in the Canadian navy, for example,

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Hutchinson

we are dismayed to find the lives of 219 wounded men on the high seas depend on him, and himself deep in text-books till the crucial action could no longer be put off. Miraculously the knife-thrust will have to be traced, the bullet extracted; and it can't be pretended that the lie undermining this situation is a white one. Nor perhaps when, having dropped into a movie, *The Bridge on the River Kwai* inspired him to go out and start bridge-building himself: an undertaking that luckily got no further.

He is a colossal fraud, and his great gifts for the many parts he is impelled to play are often strained to the uttermost. Do-good and diddle-em seem evenly matched in the huge body, the rough sensitivity. From one fake he goes to another, with the superbity of a great actor stepping out of *Volpone* into a horror film, and still he must go on vainly seeking himself in yet another role for which he has a fantastic creativeness. How will he end? We can't guess, and turn back to the first page to reread his childhood. Mr Crichton has brought to this astonishing subject a clean-cut journalistic curiosity.

With only one life, Belle Livingstone keeps to that primrose path of the stage, society, and the gossip column along which have marched so many stalwart dazzlers of the Edwardian age. She is found in a Kansas sunflower patch; soon the johnnies are discovering her 'poetic legs'; rich marriages are her aim; in Europe she comes under the twinkle of the Prince of Wales himself; Cleopatraland provides her with a platonic lover in Lord Kitchener ('I am leaving almost immediately for the Durbar in Delhi'); Monte Carlo thrillingly embraces and breaks her; four kings sit down to dinner; four husbands come and go; the War brings an outburst of charity, and Prohibition finds her back home again, queen of the speakeasies. The limelight is unerringly focused; but despite brilliance, after a while it tires; we find ourselves reading between lines in an effort to get at whatever may lie behind.

The family sketches in *Our Last Family Countess* have a gay, poetic tenderness, old Italy brought to the pages of the *New Yorker*. Its place is Vicenza, many-watered, crazy-staired, lapped round with family legend: it suffuses the senses. At times one may wish the anecdote tougher, but here memory rarely fails to pop out its cultured pearl.

G. W. STONIER

Week-end Competition

No. 1,592 **Set by Encinitas**

The usual prizes are offered for a letter of resignation (or extract therefrom) from the Baker Street Irregulars, the RSPCA, the NSPCC, the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines' Protection Society, or Alcoholics Anonymous Maximum length 120 words. Entries by 6 September.

Result of No. 1,589 **Set by Buzfuz**

No more farthings are to be made. The usual prizes are offered for *The Times* obituary of the coin (120 words).

Report

'We shall not look upon his like again . . .' This phrase echoed and re-echoed through the entries, together with reference upon reference to farthing dips, brass farthings, penny farthings, drapers and bakers. Originality was not the order of the day.

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A few bright touches: 'He claimed kinship to Silver Shilling (whence the coining of the phrase "Bob's Your Uncle")' (James S. Fidgen); '. . . in the course of his career he came into contact with many clergymen who commented on his regular appearances in Church' (Nancy Gunter); 'died . . . of inflationary seizure' (Ralph D. Gee); and W. G. Daish's 'Our justiciary will doubtless, in their wisdom if not their law-lore, assess future damages appropriately not at *one halfpenny*, now our smallest coin, but in decorous tradition at *two farthings*'.

Commendation to Michael Stroud, Gloria Prince, A. W. Ballard, R. M. Anthony, John Thornton, Jack Dixon, Doris Pulsford, Stanley J. Sharpless, and Alberick. Before they breathe their last, I suggest that 1,512 farthings each go to Trooper Jones and R. Kennard Davis, and that 504 each go to G. J. Blundell, Rhoda Tuck Pook, H. A. C. Evans and Colin Prestige.

Lord Guinea writes: In an age of drab standardisation, Mr Uttermost Farthing was a much-loved symbol of a more gracious age when there were other values than those of mere utility.

He never bowed to the fetish of a 'practical education'. Utterly unconcerned with 'economic realities', his concern was always to train the *mind*, as many a mathematical text-book bears witness.

Who now remembers the joy of the 'farthing dip' – a treat unknown to the State-coddled youngsters of today and a reminder of the old era of a fair day's wage for a fair day's work (when available) and of a time when a child could share fully in the vicissitudes of the family income. *Eheu fugaces!*

TROOPER JONES

The official demise of the Farthing is a tiny landmark in the history, not merely of our economy, but of our language. For some time, indeed, the fascinating little coin had lost commercial status, even in its negative function. The garment once priced at Nineteen and eleven-three now costs, probably, Four-nineteen-six. But, henceforth, the brass farthing that our ancestors didn't care, the farthing dip that failed to illuminate them, and the penny-farthing that they precariously bestrode are destined to be banished into the limbo of the unintelligible. Even in The Bible itself, the 'two mites which make a farthing' will be as obscure, one day, as 'Tabitha which is by interpretation Dorcas'.

R. KENNARD DAVIS

By the death, on 31 December 1960, of Father Farthing, the Coinage has lost one of its oldest members. Bearing his insignia, the wren, he had gone into every corner of the world, preaching the gospel of thrift.

Though of late years increasing age and changing social conditions had somewhat restricted his activities, 'Uttermost' Farthing, as he was affectionately known, was still widely esteemed. A tiny, unassuming, brown-complexioned being, he would often joke about his antiquity and diminutive size. 'I am famous as the drapers' friend,' he would say, 'and indeed I believe they value me something above a packet of pins.'

As is supremely fitting, Father Farthing will be interred in the vaults of The Mint.

G. J. BLUNDELL

The recent passing of Mr F. R. Thing ends a lifetime of public service. Representing a cadet branch of the Currency family, he was perhaps overshadowed by the sterling qualities of more influential relatives. His life was spent for the community, though his service was restricted by the introduction of oil lighting and, later, as regards confectionery. Long known as 'the children's friend', he was also celebrated for substition bids in haberdashery. To the end he retained his interest in the bakery trade, where his passing may well result in increased profits. Comparatively recently, when certain relatives conformed to up-to-date standards of styling, F. R. Thing followed suit with characteristic whimsicality. The country will be the poorer for his loss.

RHODA TUCK POOK

The Farthing, the smallest coin of the realm, has died at the age of about 700.

The Farthing was born in the reign of King Edward I and was descended from the ancient family of Fourthing; it could therefore trace its ancestry at least to the reign of King John. From its earliest years it enjoyed the patronage of the reigning Sovereign but in spite of this it exhibited strong democratic sympathies and never lost 'the common touch'. For the greater part of its long life it played its full part in the life of the nation but latterly it had lived largely in retirement. Its passing will be greatly regretted by its many friends in Commerce and the Church.

H. A. C. EVANS

Mr Ellis Dee writes: My old friend 'Farthing' outlived so many of his contemporaries that it is hard to realise the sterling work which he once did in integrating the economic structure of the nation. His special contribution was in price-regulation, especially of such essential foodstuffs as milk and bread.

But he was affectionately beloved by small children. Often did he give them pocket-money to buy liquorice and such delicacies at those old-fashioned sweet-shops that just don't exist any longer. He had a sense of humour. He enjoyed his publicity after a celebrated libel action. And, chirpy as a wren, he was much amused when the *London Gazette* prematurely published his obituary notice last year.

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The Chess Board

No. 563. Miss And Miss Again

And once again, to be sure, for – so as to let us gloat over (and possibly learn from) other people's bloomers – here is a position which led to as many as three opportunities missed. (Herlea-Israelovici, Bucharest 1959). 16/1k1p4/2pPp1ktl/2P1PktPp/K3Kt3/6B1/8/. Here Black blundered by pushing the RP at once, thereby merely winning a piece; obviously he should have swapped Kt for B first, so as to make his P irresistible. A few moves later this was the position. ' /16/3K1k2/2pPp3/2P1P3/16/7kt/. Now here White could have won with ease by K-B7; instead he took the BP, thereby giving Black the chance of capturing the KP with a check. After some blameless moves on both sides this position was reached: /16/3P1k2/6kt1/2PKp3/24/. Here it was Black's turn to blunder by . . . K-K3, and the game came to a draw. Black *could*, of course, have won by . . . K-B4, followed by . . . Kt-K3ch.

Now for some more blundering, a 'double-fault', as Kurt Richter calls it in his column in *Schach*. Here (Bleks-Klasups, Tallin 1959) is the position: /4K3/16/5Kt1k/p7/4p3/P2pb2P/6R1/. By simply queening his P, Black could force the draw quite easily, but he was more ambitious and blundered by . . . B-Kt4ch; 2) K-K7, P-K7: Now it was White's turn to blunder by 3) Kt-Kt3ch, followed by KtxP, and the game did come to a draw. Obviously (or perhaps not quite so obviously), White could now have won by ignoring the menace of those pawns and playing 3) K-B6 with the unanswerable threat of mate.

White against that indomitable sucker A. N. Other, K. Richter reached this position. /r1bkt4/pp2k3/4P1P1/7K/3Kt4/PB6/1PP3r1/4R3/. He played 1) Kt-B5ch, and after . . . K-B3; 2) P-K7, Black thought to be rather clever in playing . . .BxKt, provoking 3) P=Q, R-R7 mate. Alas, White played 3) P=Kt mate. By 2) . . . Kt-K3! Black could have weathered the storm.

Finally, here's a position perfectly illustrating two of Tartakower's most famous dicta: 'The blunders are all there, just waiting to be made'; and: 'No one has ever won a game by resigning'. /1r3rk1/7p/4p3/2Ktp4/R2P1p2/4P3/5PPP/5RK1/. A piece and a P down and with nothing to show for it, Black might well have resigned: but may be, he thought of Tartakower; anyway, he played 1) . . . PxP, determined to resign if White retook the P. But his opponent was a greedy man, unable to resist the lure of 2) Kt-Q7. A terrible blunder which Black hastened to punish, forcing resignation in a couple of moves. And this may well serve us as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

In **B** (for 6 ladder-points) White manages to draw in spite of the mating threat as well as the Kt being en prise. As a useful hint I might add that there are two equally pretty variations, each forcing stalemate. For 7 points **C**, a win, is far from easy. Hence, a useful hint that what matters first is to provoke the push of the Black BP so as to secure the square d5 for the R. Usual prizes. Entries by 5 September.

B: A. S. Selesniev, 1923: /16/4PkPK/8/3Ktlr2/24/.

C: P. Heuäcker, 1959: /2q4k/2pR1P2/2p5/B7/4p3/8/6K1/7kt/.

REPORT ON No. 560 set 6 August

A: (2) . Q-Q7! (threatening both RxP ch. and RxP), QxBP (2) R-QB1, Q-R4; (3) RxP etc.

B: (1) R-K8 ch, BxR; (2) Kt-K7 ch, K-any; (3) Kt-Kt6 ch etc.

C: (1) R-Q8 ch, K-Kt2; (2) R-Q3, B-B3 ch; (3) K-Kt4, P-Kt7; (4) R-Kt3 ch, K-B3; (5) K-B5, B-Kt2; (6) K-Q4, P-R4; (7) K-K3, P-R5; (8) K-B2!, PxR ch; (9) K-Kt1 etc.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, W. H. L. Brooking, H. Garfath, L. G. Kennion, J. J. Walsh.

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CITY LIGHTS: *Taurus is on holiday.*

PERSONAL

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PS. Weekend in Oberammergau – two cancellations from a party that has been fully booked for months offer the chance to fly to Munich on 9/10 Sept., stay 2 nights in Oberammergau with 1st class tickets for Passion Play on 11 Sept. Return flight 12 Sept. Inclusive costs 29 gns. Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St John's Road, Harrow. HARrow 1040 or 1087.

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HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

RECULVER Lodge (NS), Beltinge, Kent. Late holidays. Christmas. Conferences. Always open. Licensed.

COTSWOLDS. Guests welcomed in simple country house in lovely valley. 8 gns wkly. Also sm. furn. cottage 'Steanbridge,' nr Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2093.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch.: Mr & Mrs N. Lusby VCA Mems. Tel. 508.

SUSSEX. 18th-century Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rms. bkfast. Downland walks, ½ hr coast. Tel. 1773.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted. Victor Hilton, 5 Sundial House, Torquay.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs & milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch. Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

PEACEFUL autumn hols at Cleave Lodge, Lustleigh, Devon. Mid-week bkgs. Pets.

BOURNEMOUTH: Sheldon Grange Htl, Chine Cres., Rd. Recom., 3 mins sea. Lic. Club. Games Rm. Winter accom. also.

WIESBADEN Hotel Rose. International Hotel, with every comfort; own Thermal Springs; ideal all the year round. – Brochure. Cables: Rosotel.

FLORENCE. Sunny rooms in comf. flat. Exquisite cooking; near centre of town. Full pension 2,500 lire. Half pension 2,000 lire. Signora A. Orlandi, Via Benedetto Marcello 37, Firenze, Italy.

Laying the ghost

Reading to chill your spine and raise your hair is one thing: hearing sudden bumps and bangs and groans of anguish in your own home is another that will certainly follow if your wife trips over the Baskerville hound lying dog-eared in a corner or finds the House of Usher fallen in the middle of her housework. Then she's liable to forget exorcism by bell, book and candle and start turning your spectres out lock, stock and barrel—and no poltergeist could compete with that!

Keep your family phantoms harmless (and unharmed) in a Minty bookcase. Neat and elegant, with sliding glass doors to keep out the dust, it will allow your ghosts to materialise into an orderly gathering so that your wife can get on with her housework without that haunted look in her eyes. Minty bookcases are sectional, so they can grow to accommodate every member of the spirit world, from Hamlet's father to the whole household of Borley Grange. And they can be started from as little as £10.16.0d.—on deferred terms if you wish.

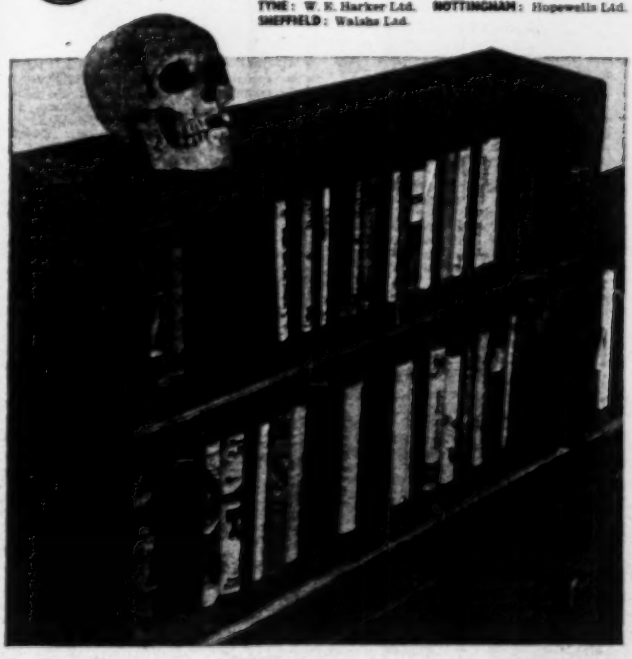
Only at Minty Centres can you see and buy Minty bookcases (and furniture). These Centres are situated so that Minty is within reasonably easy reach of most people, but if for any reason you can't call, Minty will be glad to send you catalogues and full details of ordering by post. Write to Dept. N.12 Minty Ltd., 44-45 High Street, Oxford.

make for your

MINTY centre

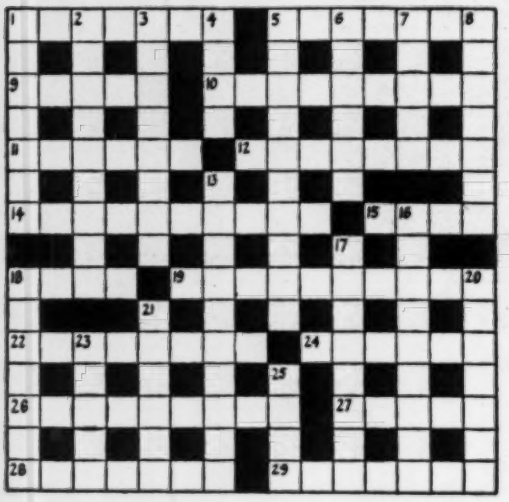
for bookcases that grow on you

OXFORD (Head Office) 44-45 High Street. BIRMINGHAM: 186 Corporation Street. BOURNEMOUTH: J. J. Allen Ltd. BRISTOL: 50 Park Street. CARDIFF: David Morgan Ltd. CHELTENHAM: Shirers and Lances. GLASGOW: 508 Sauchiehall Street. HULL: Hammonds Ltd. LEEDS: Shell House, Eastgate. LONDON: 123 Victoria Street, S.W.1. MANCHESTER: 7-9 Royal Exchange Arcade. NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE: W. E. Harker Ltd. NOTTINGHAM: Hopewells Ltd. SHEFFIELD: Walshs Ltd.



Week-end Crossword 420

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 420, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 6 September.



ACROSS

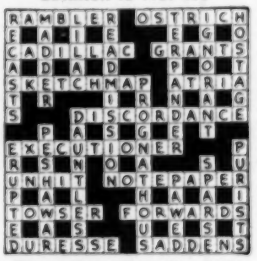
1. Producing an atlas with part of Scotland in the middle (7).
5. Hottest weapon in the NATO area (7).
9. To promote from commendations without afterthought (5).
10. To provide stimulus I practise cultivation in an art gallery (9).
11. Where the busy ones live has a good start (6).
12. Cave with extremities makes more than one (8).
14. Kind of order which is a capable hit in chaos (10).
15. On our side after a shepherd (4).
18. Effrontery was a help to the alchemist (4).
19. Scientific methods which may be quiescent about hydrogen (10).
22. A torrid circulation round a heater (8).
24. Fight for the continent in misery (6).
26. The aged have a desire with the backing of the spirit of evil (9).
27. A doubter for the mountain (5).
28. Husbands return propitiatory gifts without practical value (7).
29. It goes over or under the rails (7).

DOWN

1. The wine to ruin an unfinished meal (7).
2. Roman city caught in a speech (9).
3. Mice care unusually for this food (8).
4. Askelon's companion (4).
5. Treat arranged in an island sound (10).
6. Tell a story about the dead (6).
7. Poet's friend gives up weight on love (5).
8. 'Love-darting eyes, or — like the morn?' (Milton) (7).
13. Were animals normally humans (10).
16. Royal yacht for a love affair? (9).
17. Digress like a prima donna on the theatre (8).
18. Means of punishment when Birkenhead is in the government (7).
20. Poet writes in the middle of deserts (7).
21. Jumps for the ceilings (6).
23. The dog has to go after the noise (5).
25. How styles finish poetry (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 418



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 418

A. J. Summerson (Bodmin)
Mrs D. M. Payne (London)
T. Hetherington (Kendal)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

ANTARCTICA

PHYSICIST (AURORA)

FALKLAND ISLAND DEPENDENCIES SURVEY

required for 2 year tour of duty.

Candidates must have honours or pass degree in physics and will be required to operate sky cameras and undertake visual auroral observations.

Basic salary £550 p.a. with additional allowance for exceptional qualifications. Whilst in the Antarctic everything is provided free of charge including clothing, cigarettes, etc. Generous gratuity on completion of service. Selected candidate will undergo course of training before departure in December and will receive full salary plus allowance of £150 a year.

Write to the CROWN AGENTS, 4 Millbank, London, SW1. State age, name in block letters, qualifications & experience and quote M3C/52978/NJ.

CITY OF LEEDS: ART GALLERY
APPOINTMENT OF KEEPER OF THE ART GALLERY

This new post will be graded APT IV, the starting point to depend upon qualifications and experience. Candidates will normally be expected to possess a University degree, preferably in the history of art, and to have had considerable experience of art gallery work. The Diploma of the Museums Association will be considered an important asset. The successful candidate will work primarily at the Art Gallery but also at Temple Newsam House when required.

Further details from the undersigned. The closing date for applications is 14 September 1960.

ROBERT ROWE, Director.
Temple Newsam House, Leeds.

SALOP COUNTY COUNCIL
APPOINTMENT OF PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER

Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment as full-time Psychiatric Social Worker to work as a member of the Authority's Child Guidance Team, Whitley Council salary and conditions. Scale £740 to £1,000. Travelling and subsistence. Forms of application and conditions of service from County Medical Officer, College Hill, Shrewsbury.

ASSISTANT Curator wanted: £850 per annum; house provided. Knowledge of the decorative arts and museum experience preferred. Apply in writing with full particulars to the American Museum, Claverton Manor, Bath.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BOYS' AND GIRLS' WELFARE SOCIETY
(Formerly Boys' & Girls' Refuges Inc.)
Tanllwyfan, Penmaen Head, Colwyn Bay

WARDEN (woman) for this Training Centre for difficult adolescent girls (Protestant). This new venture offers scope for initiative and valuable social service. Accommodation for a married couple could be made available. Salary within the range £650 to £850 plus emoluments. Superannuation scheme. Further information and application forms from the General Secretary, Gaddum House, 16-18 Queen Street, Manchester 2.

STELLA FISHER in the STRAND

PARENTS are invited to call with teen-age sons and daughters, by appointment if preferred. Excellent openings with leading London Employers for this term's school and college leavers.

STELLA FISHER BUREAU
436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.
Licensed Annually by LCC. Member of Employment Agents' Federation.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in French. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position in the Department of Modern Languages. Salary range —Senior Lecturer £1,750 – £2,000 p.a.; Lecturer £1,250 – £1,700 p.a. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 30 September 1960.

PRINCIPAL Scientific Officer: Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Pensionable post at Warren Spring Laboratory, Stevenage, Herts, for man or woman to devise and organise a national survey of air pollution. Qualifications: normally 1st or 2nd class honours degree in a scientific or mathematical subject, or high professional attainment. Experience in the field of air pollution an advantage but not essential. Experience in the use of statistical methods in planning experiments and the handling of data by computor techniques highly desirable. Salary scale (men) £1,600-£2,275. Starting pay may be above minimum. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley St, London, W1, for application form, quoting S/5175/60. Closing date 5 Oct 1960.

SOCIAL Worker (woman) fully qualified and experienced, particularly in work for the unmarried mother, required to investigate applications for admission of children into care. Headquarters in London but required to travel over wide area. Current driving licence essential. Travelling expenses and subsistence. Salary APT II/III according to experience, plus London Weighting. Transferable superannuation scheme. Apply in writing within 14 days of this notice, stating age, qualifications, experience, enclosing copy of testimonials and names of referees, to the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Square, WC1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Applications are invited for the following positions. The salary range is:– Lecturer – £A1,830 – 70 – £A2,330. Lecturer in English: Applicants should hold an Honours Degree in English and should be able to give evidence (in the shape of a Higher Degree or of work towards a Higher Degree) that they are interested in some particular field of study. Experience as a university teacher of English will be treated as an important qualification. Applications close 30 September. Lecturer in History (External Studies Department): Applicants should have a special interest in European History from the Renaissance to the French Revolution. An Honours or Higher Degree in History, and research interests, are desirable. Applications close 30 September. Lecturer in Educational Psychology (External Studies Department): Applicants should possess a degree in Psychology preferably with honours; a degree in Education would be a valuable additional qualification. Some teaching experience is essential. Applications close 30 September. Assistant Student Counsellor: Applicants should be graduates eligible for admission to an Associateship of the British Psychological Society. Preference will be given to applicants who have had counselling experience at the tertiary level or have carried out research in that field. For male applicants experience in employment counselling will be an advantage. The appointee will have the status of a Lecturer. Applications close 30 September. The successful applicants will enjoy the privileges of superannuation, study leave, travel grants and other benefits available to the academic staff. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Queensland, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in Social Science. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. The essential qualification which is expected of applicants is a senior professional training in social casework. The main duties are to assist in teaching and developing the practical work of students in training. The salary for a lecturer will be £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 1 October 1960.

WORKERS' Educational Association, South Western District. Applications are invited for the post of District Secretary, Workers' Educational Association, South Western District. The successful applicant will be required to live in or near Plymouth and to join the Association's Superannuation Scheme. The salary scale is now under consideration but the commencing salary will not be less than £850 increasing by increments of not less than £50 to a maximum of at least £1,400. Experience and qualifications will determine commencing salary. Further details and application forms can be obtained from The District Secretary, WEA, 1 Portland Square, Plymouth.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Lecteur or Lectrice in French. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position in the Department of Modern Languages. The appointment is for a period of three years. Salary range – £1,250 – £1,700 p.a. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 30 September 1960.

THE University of Sheffield. Department of Extramural Studies. Applications are invited from suitably qualified Honours Graduates for the post of Tutor in Economics/Industrial Relations, to begin as soon as possible in the session 1960/61. Salary on the scale £800 x 50 – £950 (Probationary Tutor); £1,050 x 50 – 1,400 x 75 – £1,850 (Staff Tutor) with FSSU provision and family allowances. A grant towards removal expenses will be made. Applications (10 copies) by 24 September 1960 to the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a temporary Tutorship in Philosophy for tutorial work with freshmen. Salary between £650 and £700 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. FSSU benefits and family allowances. Applications (four copies) should be sent by 3 Sept. 1960, to the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

LONDON County Council Area Children's Officer. Vacancy will shortly arise for an Area Children's Officer for duty at 34 Watson Street, New Cross. Candidates should possess qualification in social science; experience of social work in urban conditions, particularly in connection with deprived children and young persons and their families, and should be capable of directing and organising the work of professional field workers and administrative and clerical staff. Person appointed will be responsible for the Deptford area, one of the nine areas of London from which the department's day to day field work is carried out. This involves preventive case work, Court work, reception into care, placing of children, boarding out, adoption, rehabilitation, after care, assessment of parental contributions and training staff. The area for reception purposes covers Deptford, Greenwich and Woolwich but children under supervision are placed in establishments outside London and foster homes in North and East Kent. Salary (subject to review) £1,120 – 50 – 1,170 – 55 – 1,280 – 50 – £1,380 plus allowance of £69 (£103 10s. in certain areas). Details from Children's Officer (E1/NS/2158/8), County Hall, London, SE1. Closing date 31 August.

CHILD Care Officer (woman) required for Home Counties area, holding Social Science and/or H.O. Certificate Child Care with experience. Able to drive car. Travelling and subsistence allowances. Appointment within APT Grade I/II according to experience, plus London Weighting. Transferable Superannuation Scheme. Headquarters London. Apply in writing within 14 days of this notice, stating age, education, qualifications and experience, enclosing copy of testimonials and names of two referees, to the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation for Children, 40 Brunswick Square, WC1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council. (1) Full-Time Psychiatric Social Worker reqd at Hornsey Child Guidance Clinic. PTA quals. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical 'A' Scale £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting. Part-time considered. Application forms and further details from Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Crouch End, N8, returnable by 29 September. (2) Vocational Guidance Officer (male) reqd in the Education Dept. at Westminster. Duties connected with advisory work for older school leavers. Good education essential; experience in similar work or in teaching older pupils desirable. Salary: APT I £610-£765 plus London Weighting up to £40. Commencing salary according to experience and qualifications. (3) Trainee Assistant Youth Employment Officers (male and female) reqd with good educational qualifications, preferably between the ages of 21 and 35. Experience in the Youth Employment Service not necessary. On satisfactory completion of six months training, trainees will be eligible for appointment to established posts. Salary: APT I £610-£765 plus London Weighting up to £40. Posts (2) & (3) application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (GP) 10 Great George Street, Westminster, SW1, returnable by: post (2) 9 September, post (3) 5 September. All posts: prescribed conditions. (Quote E.220 NS).

LONDON County Council. Senior Mental Welfare Officers (men or women), preferably holding social science qualification, required for duties under Mental Health Act 1959, as members of teams of mental health social workers shortly to be established in the nine health divisions of the county. They will also be required to undertake night and week-end duty on rota basis at County Hall. £850-£1,185 (under review), commencing according to qualifications and experience. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health (D1/NS/2160/8), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 7 September.

FAIRDENE & Netherne Hospitals, Coulsdon, Surrey. Vacancy for qualified Psychiatric Social Worker (London Weighting) in October. Progressive Hospitals closely linked with interesting community work. Excellent work conditions. Further details from Miss Jenkins, Senior Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications with names of two referees to Dr R. K. Freudenberg.

EAST Sussex Education Committee. Child Guidance Service. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the Bexhill Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of a recognised training course. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical Council 'A' Scale. Further particulars and application forms obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Lewes, Sussex.

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric Social Worker (whole-time) required for Brixton child guidance unit to work with Medical Director and team of psychiatrists, educational psychologists and psychiatric social workers. Permanent and pensionable. Secretarial assistance provided. Whitley salary and conditions. Married women eligible. Forms from Medical Officer of Health (D1/NS/2161/8), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 5 September.

TRAINED Social Case-workers or those interested in training are invited to write for details of opportunities for work in East Kent and Croydon to Organising Secretary, Canterbury Diocesan Council for Moral Welfare, Diocesan Hse, Canterbury.

WELFARE Services Organiser, man or woman, required by the Kent Council of Social Service for Tuberculosis Care and Old People's Welfare work. Salary according to experience within the scale £620 x £20 to £660. Car provided. Further particulars and application form from 1 Holmesdale Terrace, Folkestone.

THE Hospital For Sick Children, Great Ormond St, London, WC1. Electro Encephalography: Senior Recordist reqd to take charge of EEG Dept, with two more junior recordists. EPTA Exam. and/or Nursing exp. in addition to EEG exp. an advantage. Further details and applic. forms obtainable from House Governor.

HOUSEFATHER wanted for September for small residential school for maladjusted juniors. Salary £390 plus residential emoluments. Further details from the Headmaster, Harmeny House School, Balerno, Midlothian.

PART-time experienced Deputy Club Leader (man or woman) required two nights per week for mixed youth club Kilburn NW6 area. Salary £100 p.a. – Details & appln form (s.a.e.) from Box 6805.

SHORTHAND-typist (f), small voluntary organisation, interesting work. Five-day week. L.V.'s. Apply in writing, General Secretary, 21 Coram Street, WC1.

IF I were tickled by the rub of money, I'd laugh and I'd laugh. How about you? Our American firm has some lucrative sales openings for people to present a fascinating new children's educational program to US military families in Europe. Investigate your pecuniary risibility potential now by inquiring to Box 6125.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FOOD Trades Manager – Applications are invited for this newly created and important position, covering Grocery, Greengrocery, Butchery, Bakery Distribution and Catering sections. Annual food trade £1,350,000. Salary £1,600 per annum. Only men with outstanding organising ability and knowledge of modern methods of food retailing need apply. Application forms and further information will be supplied upon request to those at present holding responsibility of departmental management and above. Enquiries should be endorsed 'Food Trades Manager' and addressed to Secretary and Executive Officer, Guildford and District Co-operative Society Limited, Haydon Place, Guildford, Surrey.

UNIVERSITY of London, School of Slavonic and East European Studies, London, WC1. Two immediate vacancies in Library: (i) Library Assistant, on scale £450 x £20 – £550 – typing essential, knowledge of a Slavonic or E. European language desirable. (ii) Senior Library Assistant on scale £600 x £25 – £750; Staff pension, family allowance. – Knowledge of Slavonic or East European language essential. Applications (2 copies) for both posts to reach the Secretary of the School as above by 10 September 1960.

COMPETENT lady, pref. aged 38-45, required in September for administrative work in London architects' busy and expanding office employing about 40 staff. Secretarial and admin. experience essential, plus ability to deal with people. Job offers wide scope to person of imagination. Good progressive salary, excellent holidays. Please write giving details of education, experience, to Box 6703.

ARCHITECT in Ipswich requires personal Secretary, not large but progressive Office, 5 day week. Apply Peter Barefoot, ARIBA, 22 Thorofare, Ipswich.

INTELLIGENT Shorthand-typist, with clerical and general office experience, required for interesting position in congenial E2 sales office. Good salary to willing competent worker. No Saturdays. 'Phone Mr Okun, ADV. 2617.

SEC. 30/40 with advtg exp. for well-known W.E. publrs, £11/£13. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

ISLINGTON Family Service Unit requires Administrative Secretary on 4 or 5 days a week basis. Interesting job offers scope and is related to Unit's Social work. Apply H Wood, 25 St Mary's Grove, N1.

PART-time work in Central London Bookshop. Five-day week and hours arranged to suit convenience – interesting work for student; married woman or retired person. Write Box 6619.

TEMP. Sec. with good speeds for leading Aircraft Company West End, Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0677.

PART-time or full-time Secretary with good speeds willing to teach Shorthand/typing wanted by West End school. Teaching experience and knowledge of one foreign language an advantage. Box 6751.

EXPERIENCED Secretary - Shorthand Typist required for interesting organising work of The Liberal Jewish Synagogue. 5-day week, congenial conditions. Apply Miss P. Lang, 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8. (CUNingham 5181).

INTELLIGENT & well-educ. girl with typing, 19 or over, for Medical Research Foundation W1. £9 10s. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

THE Noise Abatement Society complains of the enormous purring of secretaries who found their jobs through The Winifred Johnson Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1, next to Gamages, HOL. 0390.

RESIDENT cook wanted to work under cook-housekeeper in community established 9 years, near Sevenoaks, now expanding. Excellent wages and conditions, informal atmosphere. Box 6788.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

TWO intelligent hard-working shorthand-typist sisters seek interesting varied work together, (or singly) to use combined initiative with shorthand as advantage rather than essential. Box 6687.

RECENT Hons Grad. (35) English and Philosophy, seven years' stage exper., sks interesting appointment. Box 6755.

CHARTERED Accountant (33) qualified 1950, partner in City firm, with integrity, personality, ability and (alas!) social conscience, seeks change from present means of earning high income, which need not be concerned with accountancy. Box 6541.

EDUC. woman early 50's sks res. post Lon. area early Nov. Can type & cook. Fond of children, domesticated but no flr scrubbing. CND supporter. Box 6514.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

GREENWICH. Furn. new dec. s/c. flat; 2 lge rms, kit., use bathrm & 'phone. Near park. 2 prof. people. £5. GRE. 6201.

COMF. bed-sit. with/without meals in lge flat overlkg river. PRO. 5104.

DECADENT, Maida Hill large serviced balcony room with kitchenette for two gentlemen. C.h.w., bath and linen. 5 gns. Housekeeper. CUN. 9665.

OFF Finchley Rd, 2 comf. furn. rms, select distr., gd views. Belling, water, lin., use b. 4½ gns. Bus. lady. HAM. 5114.

2 ROOMED furn. flat in quiet house, bed-sit., kit., dining-rm, gas htg & cooking. £3 10s. BAL. 1682.

SELF-contained furn. flat, kit. & bathroom. Also double bed-sitting room; pleasant surroundings. LAD. 3031.

LARGE divan b/s.-rm, own ckg facs, water & usual amenities. TUD. 2623.

HIGHGATE Wds. Lge rm bach. flatlet, exc. furn., nr transp. 65s. inc. c.h.w., clng, el., frig., bath. MOU 6195 aft. 6.

ONE 1 rm 1st floor, & one 2 rm 2nr flr s/c. furn flat to let 2 mins Paddington 5 mins. Lancaster Gate stns. Private road parking. £6 10s. & £9 10s. p.w. Box 6691.

WC1. Two rooms, one large, one small, in flat to Left-Winger (m.) from September. 4 gns. MUSeum 6533.

NEWLY decorated bed-sit, St John's Wood; lady. Tel. MAIda Vale 6789.

ELEGANT furn. flat Regent's Park 1-18 September, share with Siamese cats. 8 gns weekly. Tel.: GUL. 7801.

SHARE lge furn. flat w. prof. woman. Suitable 2-3 people. HAM. 0116.

COMFORTABLE fully furnished compact house to let to reliable people for one year. Garage. N21. Box 6884.

1 OR 2 girls (graduates) to share inexp. flat SW7. Tel. FRE. 2474 evgs.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

SEPTEMBER only. Chelsea: attract. furn. flat. Suit couple. £6 p.w. FLA. 6159.

CONGENIAL atmosphere. 1 single rm, ckg facs. £2 10s. HAMpstead 8109.

CLEAN and comfortable flats and flatlets in Hampstead and surrounding districts of North West London available through Personal Accommodation Services Ltd, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO 2634.

SEPTEMBER in Tuscany. New beachside homes, reduced rent, peaceful area. Write: Pazzaglia, 46 Viale Trieste, Castiglioncello.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

GRAD. civil servant (m. 27) requires 1-2 furnished rooms with breakfast and some evening meals, easy access Charing Cross. Box 6543.

YOUNG prof. man (grad.) seeks share flat with similar, Central. Box 6895.

UNIVERSITY lecturer requires flatlet (b.-s. & separate kitchen), S. or W. London. Not more than 4 gns p.w. Box 6842.

JAMAICAN Teacher, wife and two children, require furnished or unfurnished flat, SE preferred. SYD. 4369.

STUDENT (m) 23, reqs bed-sit. London, separate ckg facs. Box 6540.

TWO NZ bachelors, musical interests, require furnished accommodation early Sept. Would share others similar tastes. Inexpensive, fairly central. Box 6572.

WRITER needs quiet bed-sit., min. ckg facs. Up to 2 gns. Oct. on. Box 6743.

MEDICAL Research Worker and wife (no children) req. furn. flat N. London Oct. Garage/telephone pref. Box 6758.

CIVIL Servant seeks small s/c. unfurnished flat London. Long let. Box 6876.

WANTED: Paris, near Grand Chaumerie, one room or studio, self-contained. From Oct. to Jan. Pay in advance. Box 6790.

PROPERTY WANTED

WANTED to purchase 3/4 bedroomed house, garden, garage, £3,500. SE preferred. SYD. 4369.

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SEPTEMBER 'Labour Monthly'. Congo, Cuba and Peace: R. Palme Dutt; Coal: What Future?: Arthur Horner; Have We the Leadership We Deserve?: Special TUC Article. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'MR WAIN v. Mr Wain'. The Chief Editor of Soviet Literary Gazette, Sergei Smirnov, comments on recent statements by Mr John Wain on his visit to the USSR, in the current issue of 'Soviet Weekly', price 3d. From newsagents or from Dept (NS), 3 Rosary Gardens, London, SW7. Subs.: 3s. 3d. per quarter and pro rata.

BRITISH Stake in Congo; Beach Pollution; Credit Squeeze. Labour Research, 1s. 2d. p.f., 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

ALMOST any scientific and learned periodicals, transactions, proceedings, reports, etc., wanted; also Bibliography incl. 'English Catalogue of Books', Palmer's and/or Official Index to The Times, 'Illustrated London News' after 1900, 'Annual Register' after 1860, etc. Also wanted: German newspapers & periodicals in collections only, before 1947. H. Pordes, 138 New Cavendish St, London, W1. MUS. 5250.

ENCYCLOPAEDIAS: Britannicas 1950/57, £32-£50. Children's (Mee) latest, 10 volumes £9. Post free anywhere. Silverdales, 1142-6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

I.M. the quarterly for the Inquiring Mind. 5s. per annum. Summer number out now. 115 Borrowdale Drive, Worcester.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER 2981) Morning shows daily 11 a.m (Ex Suns). The Bolshoi Ballet in Tchaikovsky's 'Swan Lake' (U)

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer revivals. Until 28 August: 'Great Expectations' (A). From 29 August: Alec Guinness, Peter Sellers in 'The Ladykillers' (A).

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sunday Film Season. 6 p.m. Comédie Française in Beaumarchais' play 'The Marriage of Figaro' (U) with music by Mozart 8.30 p.m. Russian Colour Film of Dostoievsky's novel 'The Idiot' (U). Suns. only to 11 Sept. All seats bkble. WAT. 3191.

EXHIBITIONS

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. MASTERS OF MODERN ART - Important Sale Exhibition of works by BONNARD, BRAQUE, DUFY, KANDINSKY, KLEE, LEGER, MODIGLIANI, MONET, PICASSO, SUTHERLAND, UTRILLO, VAN GOGH etc., etc. New Sculpture by HENRY MOORE. Illus. catalogue £1. Adm. free Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

PICASSO Arts Council Exhibition Tate Gallery Till 18 September Weekdays 10-8; Suns 2-8 Admn 3s 6d (Note late openings daily)

EXHIBITIONS—continued

PICASSO prints from 14s. to £4. Details of these and full range of other reproductions, catalogue 2s., from Ganymed Press, 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Peter Hobbs and Robert Law: work by 2 British Artists. Until 17 Sept. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Admn. free.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions; 'Francis Hayman, RA (1708-1776)' and 'Gold and Silver Plate from Goldsmiths' Hall' Admission free. Weekdays 10-7. Sunday 2-7 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

'MODERN American Painting' 1930-58 Exhibition. York City Art Gallery, Exhibition Square, York. 20 Aug.-15 Sept. Only UK showing. Mon-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 2.30-5. Admission free.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

CANALETTO Gallery – converted barge moored on Grand Union Canal facing 60 Blomfield Rd, W9. Tube: Warwick Ave. Abstracts & Waterways by Harry Gordon. Until 28 Sept. Every day 11 a.m.-9 p.m.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Till 30 August: recent paintings by Crozier. From 2 September: paintings by Jadot and Stephenson. 10-6.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints: George Chapman, the Rhondda Suite, etchings of the Rhondda Valley with associated drawings. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1 7 Cork Street, W1 REG 3660

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1 Picasso: Gravures sur Linoléum 1958-60 Until 2 Sept. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1 Summer Exhibition - Recent Acquisitions 19th & 20th Century Drawings and Paintings

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise Part II at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

MOLTON Gallery William Turnbull - Paintings. 10 Aug.-3 Sept. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1

REID Gallery, 23 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by James Stroudley. Until 10 Sept. Dly 9.30-5.30, Sats 9.30-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St, W1. Summer Exhibition 1960 De Stael: Soulages: Ernst: Manessier: Sutherland: Richards: Nicholson: Reynolds: Wilson: etc Hours 10-6. Sats 10-1 Closes 1 Sept.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Paintings: John Wells. 10-6. Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1 Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5 Adm Free

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Peter Woodland, Guy Worsdell, Connal. Paintings and Engravings. 22 Aug.-10 Sept. 10-6. Sats 10-1.

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography 12-9 5s Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

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BLACKHEATH NL Club: Penal Reform. Crown P.H., B'heath Village, 8 p.m. Fri. 2 Sept.

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in support of EDINBURGH-LONDON CND PROJECT
Rev. Michael Scott, Dr Alex Comfort, Stuart Hall, Sydney Silverman MP, Dr Antoinette Pirie, Constance Cummings. St Pancras Town Hall, Thurs. 8 Sept., 7.30. Is. LONDON REGION CND, 5 Caledonian Road, N1. TER. 0284.

DISARMAMENT: Lady Jessie Street, only British delegate to International Conference Tokyo will speak at 18 Kent Terrace, NW1, 7.30, Sunday 28 Aug.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. J. B. Scott on 'The Development of Anglo-Soviet Trade'. 7.30 p.m. Wed. 31 Aug., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Sec., 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

AN EVENING of Music – New Jewish Society, 83, Chiltern St, W1, Wed. 31 Aug. at 8 p.m.

NEW Realm Study Group. The study of Gurdjieff and Ouspensky's teaching. Livingstone House, Carteret St, Broadway, SW1. Every Wed. 7 p.m. Adm. 2s. New term commencing 7 Sept.

ULTRA Anniversary Lecture. 'The Evolution of Instrumentation.' Prof. Arthur Porter, M.Sc., Ph.D., Dean of Engineering, University of Saskatchewan, 6.30 p.m., Wed. 14 Sept., Recital Room, Royal Festival Hall. Tickets on application to Ultra Electric (Holdings) Ltd, Western Avenue, W3.

THEOSOPHY: The Philosophy of Synthesis'. Public lecture, 28 Aug. 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

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Prospectuses may be obtained on application to the Director of Education.

AFRICA Conference at Haddesdon, Herts, week-end, 16-18 Sept., speakers: Alfred Hutchinson, Joshua Nkomo & C. Ogwurike. Also, Lord Chorley and Panel Discussion on Humanism. Incl. charge 67s. 6d., programme from Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Ter., London, W8.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Art Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

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LECTURE CRSES. ETC. – contd on p.287

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